

A SELECTION
OF
HYMNS,

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS.

INTENDED TO BE

AN APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

By JOHN RIPPON, D.D.

INCLUDING THE NAMES OF THE TUNES ADAPTED
TO MOST OF THE HYMNS.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,
AND AT HIS VESTRY, CARTER-LANE, TOOLEY-STREET
MR. DILLY, LONDON; MR. BROWN, BRISTOL; MR. BINNS,
LEEDS; MR. OGLE, EDINBURGH; AND BY THE
BAPTIST MINISTERS AT PHILADELPHIA,
BOSTON, AND NEW YORK.

A SELECTION



Entered at Stationers Hall.

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS.

N. B. The Number of the Hymn *always* answers
to the Number of the Page—thus;

INTENDED TO BE

Hymn 33 page 33.

Hymn 433 - - page 433.

Hymn 434 - - page 434.

DR. WATTS' PSALMS AND HYMNS
‡ The Number that follows the Name of the *Tunes*
refers to Dr. RIPPON'S Tune-book—thus;

Hymn I. Addison's I.—that is, Tune I. in the
Selection of Tunes.

INCLUDING THE NAMES OF THE TUNES ADAPTED
TO MOST OF THE HYMNS.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,

AND AT HIS VESTRY, CARTER LANE, TOOL-EE-STREET,
MR. DILLY, LONDON; MR. BROWN, BRISTOL; MR. RINGS,
LEADS; MR. OGIL, EDINBURGH; AND BY THE
BAPTIST MINISTERS AT PHILADELPHIA,
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PREFACE.

THE Hymns and Psalms of that sweet Sing in Israel, and Dr. Watts, have justly obtained a distinguished Reputation, among different Denominations of good Men; and rendered his Memory dear to Thousands. They appear to me better adapted to Public Worship than any other Book which I have seen; and it would pain me very much to find any One suspecting my most cordial Attachment to them. Unless I am very much mistaken; I have often felt their beneficial Influence on my Mind, and I do, with the greatest Pleasure, rank among their warmest Admirers,

OCCASION OF THIS SELECTION.

But it was never imagined, by Dr. Watts, or any other intelligent Person, that it would be for ever improper to introduce other Hymns into a Congregation where his are used. And it must be acknowledged, copious and excellent as they are, that they do not include every Subject that is needful for public Worship; for it has often been very difficult, if not impossible after Sermon, to find a Psalm or Hymn quite suited to the Discourse which has been delivered. Hence, the Minister, or Leader of the Psalmody, has been under the Necessity of taking a Hymn, now from one Author, then from another, and many of our Senior Ministers have sometimes given out a Composition of their own. These Methods have been edifying to the People, but an Inconvenience has attended them; the People have not had the Hymn which has been sung, and To-day they have asked "Who was the Author of it?" and have been told, it was one of Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems; a Month after, they have made a similar Enquiry, and have learned that the Hymn was Dr. Doddridge's: the next time they enquired, they found they had been comforted by one of President Davies's of America, or else by the united Piety and Poetry of Theodora. — At last, not being able to find all these Hymns in any two, or three, or ten Books, they have asked another Question, "Why could we not have some of the best Hymns

in all these Authors put together, and used with Dr. Watts? Such Enquiries gave Birth to the present Publication.

INTENTION OF THIS VOLUME.

This Selection was never intended, either directly or indirectly, to set aside Dr. Watts. in any Congregation upon Earth; on the contrary, it is hoped that he will be more used than ever. And that he may be so, his Hymns and Psalms keeping their former Place, a Number of Hymns has been introduced from his Lyric Poems, Sermons, and Miscellanies, into this Volume, not only greater than has yet appeared in any one Collection for public Worship but, I believe, exceeding what has been printed in all of them put together. These, I flatter myself, will be highly acceptable to the Friends of Dr. Watts.

But as Dr. Watts had not many *robust* Hymns, on the Characters of Christ—the Work of the Spirit—the Christian Graces and Tempers—the Parables of the New Testament—the Ordinance of Baptism—and but few suited to Affiliations and General Meetings of Churches and Ministers—Ordinations—Church Meetings—Meetings of Prayer—Annual Sermons to young People, &c. great care has been taken that this Book should be on the one Hand a good *Supplement*, filling up, in some Measure, these Deficiencies; while it is on the other, an *Appendix*, containing some Hymns on the same Subjects as may be found in Dr. Watts's: these have been selected that we may not always sing of the same Thing in the same Words but enjoy Variety in the Work of Praise, which is generally so acceptable in the Duty of Prayer.

When Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms were introduced, there were some who found great Fault with them, intimating that they had Psalms enough already; and it may be, there are some well meaning Persons now, of a similar Description—to such, I take the Liberty of saying, that, I think, it will be very difficult to find any wise and good Man who has taken the Lead in public Psalmody, with proper Attention, for Seven Years, and is, after such a Trial, of their Way of Thinking. Too great a Variety is scarcely to be conceived of, and I confess my Fear is, notwithstanding this Addition of above Five Hundred Hymns, that after Sermon there will be many Subjects sought for in vain, both in this Appendix, as well as in Dr. Watts. To provide

PREFACE.

for this Inconvenience, as far as possible. I have placed together a Number of short Hymns, to be sung after Sermon. These will, perhaps, often be helpful, when no one can be found exactly suitable to the Discourse, as they are on very general Subjects, such as "Praise for the Gospel—A Blessing requested on the Word preached," and on many other Topics of very common concern.

Some of the best Judges who have been consulted on this Head have recommended a Variety of Measures. Patrick's Psalms are confined, I observe, to three Measures: Dr. Watts's Psalms are thrown into nine; but some of these Measures are now so much out of use, that they are scarcely ever sung. In their Room I have introduced a few others, perhaps not enough to gratify every one, but, I believe, most of those which are known, and valued in our Dissenting Congregations, throughout England.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The numerous Ministers and other Brethren to whom I have read, or sent my Design, have, one and all, unanimously encouraged me to go forward; and after I had laid my Plan, and collected great Part of my Materials, I was, more than ever, convinced that an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms was very generally desired, from one End of the Kingdom to the other. For I found, that several Ministers, in very distant Counties, who were unacquainted with each others Intention, had actually begun a Work of this kind; but, hearing that I had advanced pretty far in a Selection which should be distinguished from others, by an orderly Arrangement of Subjects, they dropped their Design, and three of them very politely, and voluntarily favoured me with such Communications, as lay me under very considerable Obligations. My grateful Acknowledgments attend these my Brethren, as well as several other of my Friends, who have in different Ways generously contributed towards this Publication.

MATERIALS AND AUTHORSHIP.

As this Book is an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms, none of them have been selected; but I have gone through more than Ninety printed Volumes of Hymn-Books, Hymns, Psalms, &c. attentively perusing all the Collections I could obtain in this Country and from Ame-

rica. In consequence of which, this Volume ought to contain a greater Variety of Subjects and Metres, than either of the Collections extant. It may, indeed, be used alone; but it is principally designed for those Congregations in which Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms have still the Preference to all others.

I hope it will be observed, that some of the Hymns which are chosen, have been inserted in the greater Part of the best Collections; and I judge it is a sufficient Proof of their Worth, that they have been esteemed by so many good Men. There are more than *Three Hundred* others, some of which indeed have been printed before, but none of them, I think, have ever appeared in any Collection for public Worship till now.

The ORIGINAL Hymns which adorn this Volume, and which were never before printed, make almost one-fourth Part of the Whole. For these (not to mention here all the valuable Persons whose Names or Signatures stand in the Book) I am indebted to the Rev Dr S. Stennett, the Rev. Mr. Turner of Abingdon, the Rev. Mr. Beddome of Bourton, and the Rev. Mr. Francis of Horsley; Names—which have been for many years Ornaments of the Denomination to which they belong, and which I mention with the highest personal Respect—a Respect, in which I am joined by the wisest and best Men in all our Churches. The friendly Communications of these Gentlemen have been no inconsiderable Acquisition—but it is proper to remark, that though this Volume is indebted to them, for many of its Beauties, they are accountable for none of the Blemishes that may appear in Hymns which do not bear their Names.

In most places where the Names of the Authors were known, they are put at full length; but the Hymns which are not so distinguished, or which have only a single Letter prefixed to them, were, many of them, composed by Persons unknown, or else have undergone some considerable Alterations. The Author of the first Hymn wishes it somewhere to be said, that the leading Idea of it was taken from Addison. I trust it will be found, that the Hymns in this Selection are truly evangelical; but if any Sentiment, or Expression has escaped me, that is contrary to the sacred Oracles, I hope I shall be willing to correct it, whenever an Opportunity may offer. It would pain me beyond Expression, if there were any Hymn in the Book that might give just Reason for

puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in singing five or six Stanzas : Whereas if the *Method of singing* were but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleasure of a longer Psalm, with less Expence of Time and Breath ; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves. It were to be wished also, that all Congregations and private Families would sing as they do in foreign Protestant Countries, without reading Line by Line.

The several Ministers who preached a Course of Sermons in EAST CHEAP, dated 1708, 1711, 1713 and 1717, say, under the Duty of Singing, "There remains one Thing we are concerned to plead for, namely, a Practice which has lately obtained in some of our Congregations, and that is, *Singing of Psalms without Reading*. This has been Matter of Scruple to some People, and to remove an old Custom, though a bad one, is like removing the ancient Land Marks, &c." The Arguments which are given in these Sermons for Singing without parcelling out the Lines, are very convincing ;—and I have the Pleasure to remark, that this Practice is gaining Ground in some Congregations of the first Note in London, at Bristol, and elsewhere ;—and it is hoped that it will soon become pretty general where it can be conveniently introduced.

CONCLUSION.

I am not so vain as to suppose, that these Materials would not have appeared to greater Advantage, if they had passed through other Hands ; but I can say with Truth, I have done my best. And when I have looked around, and seen the Men who were most fitted for this Work, busily and honourably engaged in writing and printing on such Subjects as the Spirit of the Times makes it necessary to discuss, or in preaching very frequently, (Blessings to the Churches over which they preside, and to the Villages all around them) ; a Hope has been indulged that it would not be thought presumptuous, even in a Junior Brother, were he (borrowing a Similitude) to walk abroad and gather up the Golden Ears which have long lain scattered in the Fields of Piety and Genius, that so a Sheaf of Gratitude might be presented by an affectionate Pastor to his affectionate People.

J. R.

No. 11, Grange-Road, Southwark.

T A B L E

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE

A	Debtor to Mercy alone	323
A	Fulness resides	180
A	good High Priest is come	190
A	Adam our Father and our Head	38
A	Afflicted Saint to Christ draw near	123
A	wretched Souls who strive in vain	374
A	Alas what hourly Dangers rise	320
A	hail incarnate God	410
A	hail the Power of Jesus Name	177
A	lmighty Father gracious Lord	37
A	lmighty Maker God!	245
A	lmighty Maker of my Frame	543
A	Am I a Soldier of the Cross	228
A	and art thou with us gracious Lord	124
A	and be it so that 'till this Hour	230
A	and can my Heart aspire so high	278
A	and did the Holy and the Just	485
A	and have I Christ no Love to thee	252
A	and is the Gospel Peace and Love	166
A	Aloud we sing the wondrous Grace	258
A	and must I part with all I have	281
A	and will th' eternal King	298
A	and will the Judge descend	572
A	and will th' offended God again	299
A	Angels roll the Rock away	142
A	Another Six days Work is done	348
A	Arise my tenderest Thoughts arise	42
A	Ascend thy Throne Almighty King	370
A	As on the Cross the Saviour hung	80
A	As Showers on Meadows newly mown	209
A	Asham'd of Christ my Soul disdain	280
A	Assist us Lord thy Name to praise	326
A	Astonish'd and distress'd	40

A TABLE OF

	Hymn and Page
At Anchor laid remote from Home	212
Attend my Ear my Heart rejoice	573
Attend ye Children of your God	470
Awake awake the sacred Song	131
Awake my Soul in joyful Lays	13
Awake my Soul stretch every Nerve	302
Awake our drowsy Souls	349
Awake our Souls and bless his Name	165
Away my unbelieving Fear	286
Awake sweet Gratitude and sing	133
Awake ye Saints and raise your Eyes	86
Awhile remain'd the doubtful Strife	541
BACKSLIDERS who your Misery feel	176
Before thy Throne eternal King	124
Begone Unbelief	290
Behold long wish'd-for Spring is come	500
Behold the leprous Jew	102
Behold the Sin-atoning Lamb	179
Behold the Sons the Heirs of God	229
Betwixt with Snare on every Hand	297
Bless'd be the Tie that binds	254
Bless'd Jesus Source of Grace divine	228
Bless'd is the Man whose Heart expands	323
Bless'd Men who stretch their willing Hands	292
Blessed are the Sons of God	94
Blessed Redeemer how divine	242
Blow ye the Trumpet blow	57
CHILDREN of the heavenly King	240
Christ our Passover is slain	286
Christ the Lord is risen To-day	141
Come every pious Heart	489
Come gracious Spirit heavenly Dove	207
Come guilty Souls and flee away	176
Come humble Sinner in whole Breast	355
Come let me love or is my mind	251
Come Lord and help us to rejoice	212
Come Lord and warm each languid Heart	383
Come see on bloody Calvary	478
Come Sinners with the mighty God	114

THE FIRST LINES.

Page	Hymn and Page
212	Come thou Fount of every Blessing 309
573	Come thou long expected Jesus 162
470	Come thou Soul-transforming Spirit 368
131	Come weary Souls with Sin distressed 117
13	Come ye Sinners poor and wretched 115
302	Come ye that fear the Lord 117
349	Come ye that love the Saviour's Name 115
165	Compar'd with Christ in all beside 204
286	Christ be the Man for ever curst 32
133	D
386	DAY of Judgment Day of Wonders 577
541	Dead be my Heart to all below 162
176	Dear Friend of friendless Sinners hear 266
124	Dear Lord and shall thy Spirit rest 213
260	Dear Lord and will thy pardoning Love 446
500	Dear Lord though bitter is the Cup 264
102	Dear Refuge of my weary Soul 316
179	Dear Saviour make me wise to see 224
229	Dear Saviour we are thine 81
297	Dear Saviour when my Thoughts recal 272
254	Dear Shepherd of thy People hear 340
288	Dearest Saviour help thy Servant 365
323	Death with his dread Commillion seal'd 339
292	Deep are the Wounds which Sin has made 188
94	Deluded Souls who think to find 150
242	Depraved Minds on Ashes feed 158
57	Descend celestial Dove 468
240	Descend holy Spirit the Dove 214
186	Did Christ o'er Sinners weep 367
141	Dismiss us with thy Blessing Lord 388
489	Do not I love thee O my Lord 425
207	Dost thou my Profit seek 364
376	E
355	EARTH has engross'd my Love too long 88
251	Encompass'd with Clouds of Distress 220
282	Enquire ye Pilgrims for the Way 465
583	Enslav'd by Sin and bound in Chains 70
478	Eternal God almighty Cause 2
114	Eternal God enthron'd on high 824
	Eternal Power whose high Abode 22
	Eternal Source of every Joy 308

A TABLE OF

Hymn and Page

Eternal Spirit Source of Light	211
Eternal Wiidom thee we praise	29
Eternity is just at Hand	548
Exalted Prince of Life we own	269

F

F AIR Sion's King we suppliant bow	417
Faith adds new Charms to earthly Bliss	218
Faith 'tis a precious Grace	217
Father at thy call I come	270
Father divine thy piercing Eye	332
Father God who seest in me	76
Father how wide thy Glory shines	112
Father is not thy Promise pledg'd	419
Father of All thy Care we bleis	335
Father of faithful Abram hear	422
Father of Glory to thy Name	22
Father of Mercies bow thine Ear	426
Father of Mercies in thy House	407
Father of Mercies in thy Word	46
Father of Mercies send thy Grace	257
Father whate'er of earthly Bliss	319
For a Season call'd to part	515
Forgiveness 'tis a joyful Sound	87
Frequent the Day of God returns	350
From whence this Fear and Unbelief	221
From Winter's barren Clods	499

G

G IVE Glory to God ye Children of Men	396
Glorious Things of thee are spoken	418
Glory to God on high	387
Glory to God who reigns above	185
Glory to the eternal King	10
Glory to thee my God this Night	496
Go teach the Nations and baptize	454
God in the Gospel of his Son	54
God is a Name my Soul adores	23
God moves in a mysterious way	34
God of Eternity from thee	544
God of my Life to thee belong	511
God with us O glorious Name	174
Grace 'tis a charming Sound	111

THE FIRST LINES.

Hymn and Page

Gracious Lord incline thine Ear	296
Great Author of th' immortal Mind	224
Great Father of Mankind	406
Great Former of this various Frame	15
Great God amid the darksome Night	199
Great God my Maker and my King	18
Great God now condescend	336
Great God of Providence thy Ways	35
Great God of Wonders all thy Ways	85
Great God oppress'd with Grief and Fear	330
Great God the Nations of the Earth	420
Great God thy watchful Care we bless	339
Great God to thee my Evening Song	495
Great God we in thy Courts appear	445
Great God we sing that mighty Hand	510
Great God what Hosts of Angels stand	307
Great God where'er we pitch our Tent	338
Great Leader of thine Israel's Host	317
Great Ruler of the Earth and Skies	531
Great Spirit of immortal Love	256
Guide me O thou great Jehovah	567
H	
HAIL mighty Jesus how divine	77
Hail thou once despis'd Jesus	75
Happy beyond Description he	227
Happy the Man who finds the Grace	291
Happy the Man whose cautious Steps	261
Hark for 'tis God's own Son that calls	193
Hark the glad Sound the Saviour comes	134
Hark the Herald Angels sing	130
Hark the Voice of Love and Mercy	71
Hark 'tis our heavenly Leader's Voice	328
He comes he comes to judge the World	578
He dies the Friend of Sinners dies	474
He lives the great Redeemer lives	152
Hear gracious God my humble Moan	398
Hear gracious Sovereign from thy Throne	210
Heaven has confirm'd the great Decree	565
Here at thy Table Lord we meet	483
Here Lord my Soul convicted stands	50

INDEX TABLE OF

Page

Hymn and Page

How and reverend is the Name	17
How Wonder heavenly Grace	347
How are thy Servants blest O Lord	36
How charming is the Place	341
How did the Powers of Darkness rage	314
How firm a Foundation ye Saints of the Lord	128
How free and boundless is the Grace	362
How great how solemn is the Work	453
How great how terrible that God	576
How happy are we	62
How happy is the Pilgrim's Lot	366
How hast thou Lord from Year to Year	562
How keen the Tempter's Malice is	155
How long shall Death the Tyrant reign	569
How long shall Earth's alluring Toys	546
How long thou faithful God shall	364
How lovely how divinely sweet	343
How many Years has Man been driven	421
How oft alas this wretched Heart	86
How precious is the Book divine	43
How shall I my Saviour set forth	181
How shall the Sons of Men appear	377
How soft the Words my Saviour speaks	577
How various and how new	547
Humble Souls who seek Salvation	445
Ask'd the Lord that I might grow	321
I come the great Redeemer cries	193
I my Ebenezer raise	512
I would but cannot sing	349
If secret Fraud should dwell	283
Infinite Excellence is thine	164
In Jordan's Tide the Baptist stands	442
In Songs of sublime Adoration and Praise	110
In sweet exalted Strains	338
In thee thou all-sufficient God	441
In vain Apollo's silver Tongue	360
In vain the giddy World enquires	399
In what Confusion Earth appears	582
Is Jesus mine I'm now prepar'd	378
Israel in ancient days	53

THE FIRST LINES.

d Page

17
347
36
341
314
128
362
453
576
62
366
502
135
366
346
364
343
421
86
43
377
577
347
445
321
123
512
309
283
164
442
110
338
441
360
329
582
378
53

Hymn and Page
In the Lord enthron'd in light
Jesus and shall it ever be
Jesus at thy Command
Jesus commission'd from above
Jesus full of all Compassion
Jesus I love thy charming Name
Jesus how precious is thy Name
Jesus I sing thy matchless Grace
Jesus immutably the same
Jesus is our great Salvation
Jesus let thy pitying Eye
Jesus Lover of my Soul
Jesus mighty King in Sion
Jesus my all to Heaven is gone
Jesus my Lord how rich thy Grace
Jesus my Love my chief Delight
Jesus my Saviour and my God
Jesus O Word divinely sweet
Jesus our Souls delightful Choice
Jesus since thou art **Lord**
Jesus th' Eternal **Son of God**
Jesus the heavenly Lover gave
Jesus the Lord our Souls adore
Jesus the Spring of **Life**
Jesus thy Blood and Righteousness
Jesus we claim thee for our **own**
Jesus we hang upon the Word
Jesus when Faith with fixed Eyes
KEEP Silence all created Things
Kind are the Words that **Jesus** speaks
Kindred in Christ for his dear Sake
King of Salem bless my Soul
LET Avarice from Shore to Shore
Let others boast their ancient Line
Let Party Names no more
Let Sion's Watchmen all awake
Let those who bear the **Christian** Name
Light of those whose dreary Dwelling
Lo he comes with Clouds descending

THE TABLE OF CONTENT

	Hymn and Page
Lo he cometh countless Trumpets	573
Look down O Lord with pitying Eye	574
Look up ye Saints direct you Eyes	575
Lord am I thine entirely thine	490
Lord and am I yet alive	496
Lord at thy Feet we Sinners lie	235
Lord at thy Table Behold	482
Lord didst thou die but not for me	287
Lord dismiss us with thy Blessing	389
Lord dost thou shew a Corner-stone	163
Lord God Omnipotent to-bless	382
Lord hast thou made me know thy Ways	105
Lord how large thy Bounties are	119
Lord how shall wretched Sinners dare	27
Lord I am pain'd but I resign	338
Lord I am vile what shall I say	403
Lord I cannot let thee go	354
Lord if thou thy Grace impart	337
Lord of Hosts how lovely fair	342
Lord shall we part with Gold for Dross	401
Lord thou hast been thy Children's God	14
Lord thou hast bid thy People pray	536
Lord thou with an unerring Beam	18
Lord thy pervading Knowledge strikes	23
Lord 'tis an infinite Delight	555
Lord we come before thee now	363
Lord when I read the Traitor's Doom	580
Lord when our raptur'd Thought surveys	32
Lord when we see a Saint of thine	553
Lord with a griev'd and aching Heart	236
Loud let the tuneful Trumpet sound	38

M

MAY the Grace of Christ our Saviour	392
Methinks the last great Day is come	571
Mighty God while Angels bless thee	132
'Mong all the Priests of Jewish Race	191
Mortals awake with Angels join	129
Must all the Charms of Nature then	520
My Brethren from my Heart belov'd	416
My Captain sounds th' Alarm of War	303
My God assist me while I raise	203

THE FIRST LINES.

Page	Hymn and Page	Hymn and Page
373	My God how cheerful is the Sound	126
375	My God the Covenant of thy Love	67
27	My God what silken Cords are thine	216
490	My gracious Redeemer I'll love	253
16	My grateful Tongue immortal King	26
235	My rising Soul with strong Desires	97
482	My Saviour let me hear thy Voice	89
287	My Sorrows like a Flood	88
389	My Soul with Joy attend	103
163	My Thoughts that often mount the Skies	550
382	My Times of Sorrow and of Joy	276
105	N O more dear Saviour will I boast	480
119	No Strength of Nature can suffice	56
27	Not all the Nobles of the Earth	93
538	Not by the Laws of Innocence	323
403	Not unto us but thee alone	384
354	Now begin the heavenly Theme	69
237	Now far above the starry Skies	479
342	Now from the Altar of our Hearts	497
401	Now let a true Ambition rise	519
4	Now let our cheerful Eyes survey	154
536	Now let our drooping hearts revive	566
18	Now let our Faith grow strong and rise	486
23	Now let our Hearts conspire to raise	574
555	Now let our souls on Wings sublime	329
363	Now let our Voices join	396
580	Now let the Feeble all be strong	441
32	Now let us raise our cheerful Strains	399
553	Now may the God of Peace and Love	372
236	Now Lord the heavenly seed is sown	266
58	Now while the Gospel-Net is cast	428
392	O ER the gloomy Hills of Darkness	98
571	O for a closer Walk with God	587
32	O for a sweet inspiring Ray	211
191	O God my Sun thy blissful Rays	248
29	O Lord I would delight in thee	277
540	O Lord my best Desires fulfil	68
116	O Lord my God whose sovereign Love	64
03	O my distrustful Heart	
03		

A TABLE OF H

Hymn and Page

O my Soul what means this Sadness	318
O that I knew the secret Place	99
O that the Lord indeed	381
O the immense the amazing Height	503
O thou before whose gracious Throne	413
O thou that hast Redemption wrought	347
O thou who didst thy Glory leave	74
O what stupendous Mercy shines	246
O ye immortal Throng	146
Of all the Joys we Mortals know	249
Oh have I turn'd my Eye within	311
On Britain long a favor'd Isle	530
On Jordan's stormy Banks I stand	384
On Zion his most holy Mount	56
On what has now been frown	373
On Wings of Faith Mount up, &c.	585
Once as the Saviour pass'd along	178
Our Father whose eternal Sway	358
Our God ascends his lofty Throne	408
Our heavenly Father calls	96
Our Lord is risen from the Dead	145
Our Saviour alone	383
P ATIENCE O what a Grace divine	283
Peace 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand	563
Poor weak and worthless tho' I am	170
Praise God from whom all Blessings flow	385
Praise the Saviour all ye Nations	432
Praise to our Shepherd's gracious Name	101
Praise to the Lord of boundless Might	243
Praise to the Lord who bows his Ear	532
Praise to the Lord whose mighty hand	533
Praise to thy Name eternal God	322
Prepare me gracious God	561
Proclaim faith Christ my wondrous Grace	469
Prostrate dear Jesus at thy Feet	271
R AISE thoughtless Sinner raise thine Eye	49
Rejoice the Lord is King	149
Religion is the chief Concern	284
Repent the Voice celestial cries	267

THE FIRST LINES.

Page		Hymn and Page
318	Return my roving Heart return	318
99	Rise my Soul and stretch thy Wings	361
381	Rock of Ages shelter me	395
503	S	312
413	SALVATION O melodious Sound	312
327	Salvation thro' our dying God	361
74	Saviour divine we know thy Name	361
246	Saviour of Men and Lord of Love	361
146	Saviour visit thy Plantation	361
249	Say who is she that looks abroad	361
311	Searcher of Hearts before thy Face	361
530	See Felix cloth'd with Pomp and Power	361
384	See gracious God before thy Throne	361
56	See how rude Winter's icy Hand	361
373	See how the little toiling Ant	361
583	See how the mounting Sun	361
78	See how the willing Converts trace	361
358	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand	361
408	See Lord thy willing Subjects bow	361
96	Self destroy'd for Help I pray	361
145	Shall Atheists dare insult the Cross	361
383	Shall Jesus descend from the Skies	361
263	Shepherd of Israel bend thine Ear	361
563	Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep	361
179	Should bounteous Nature kindly pour	361
385	Shout for the Blessed Jesus reigns	361
432	Since Jesus freely did appear	361
101	Sinful and Blind and Poor	361
243	Sing to the Lord above	361
532	Sinner O why so thoughtless grown	361
533	Sinners the Voice of God regard	361
322	So fair a Face bedew'd with Tears	361
561	Sons we are thro' God's Election	361
469	Sovereign of all the Worlds on high	361
271	Sovereign of Life I own thy Hand	361
49	Sovereign Ruler of the Skies	361
149	Sprinkled with reconciling Blood	361
284	Stay thou insulted Spirit stay	361
267	Stern Winter throws his icy Chains	361
	Stretch'd on the Cross the Saviour dies	361
	Sweet was the Time when first I felt	361

INDEX TABLE OF

Hymn and Page	
THAT God who made the Worlds on high	47
The Bible is justly esteem'd	206
The Deluge at the Almighty's Call	104
The Fountain of Christ	168
The God of Abram Praise	66
The God of Love will sure indulge	564
The Great Redeemer we adore	443
The holy Eunuch when baptiz'd	471
The icy Chains that bound the Earth	498
The joyful Morn-my God is come	346
The King of Heaven his Table spreads	486
The Lord on mortal Worms looks down	423
The Lord who rules the World's Affairs	434
The Lord will Happiness divine	275
The mighty Frame of glorious Grace	148
The mighty God-will not despise	223
The Moment a Sinner believes	391
The Peace which God alone reveals	238
The righteous Lord supremely great	120
The Saviour calls let every Ear	501
The Spring great God at thy Command	118
The wandering Star and fleeting Wind	484
The wondering Nations have beheld	197
The Father we bless	169
There is a Fountain fill'd with Blood	418
There's Joy in Heaven and Joy on Earth	202
There is no Path to heavenly Bliss	352
Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love	385
This God is the God we adore	386
Thou art-O God a Spirit pure	549
Thou dear Redeemer dying Lamb	344
Thou God of Glorious Majesty	537
Thou Lord my Safety thou my Light	448
Thou only Centre of my Rest	188
Thou only Sovereign of my Heart	226
Thou very Pascal Lamb	285
Thrice happy Souls who born from Heaven	33
Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life	262
Thro' all the various shifting Scene	374
Thus Agur breath'd his warm Desire	01
Thus far my God hath led me on	

7-90 51347 A

A TABLE OF

	Hymns and Page
What Scenes of Horror and of Dread	550
What shall the dying Sinner do	49
What strange Perplexities arise	331
What various Hindrances we meet	333
What Wisdom Majesty and Grace	339
Whate'er to thee our Lord belongs	455
When Abram full of sacred Awe	326
When Abram's Servant to procure	447
When any turn from Zion's Way	439
When at this Distance Lord we trace	435
When blooming Youth is snatch'd away	557
When by the Tempter's Wiles betray'd	122
When Darkness long has veil'd my Mind	241
When Death appears before my Sight	552
When first the God of boundless Grace	21
When I the holy Grave survey	348
When Jesus dwelt in mortal Clay	435
When Israel's grieving Tribes complain'd	357
When Israel thro' the Desert pass'd	341
When O dear Jesus when shall I	351
When Paul was parted from his Friends	414
When shall thy lovely Face be seen	574
When Sins and Fears prevailing rise	371
When some kind Shepherd from his Fold	379
When the Eternal bows the Skies	24
When thou my righteous Judge shalt come	379
Where is my God does he retire	156
Where shall we Sinners hide our Heads	100
Where two or three with sweet Accord	359
Wherewith O Lord shall I draw near	383
While carnal Men with all their Might	33
While my Redeemer's near	197
While o'er our guilty Land O Lord	328
While on the Verge of Life I stand	554
While Sinners who profess to hear	375
Who shall condemn to endless Flames	63
Why O my Soul why weepest thou	274
Why should a living Man complain	312
Why should our mourning Thoughts delight	568
Why flow these Torrents of Distress	362
Why sinks my weak desponding Mind	238

THE FIRST LINES.

Page	Hymn	Page
530	With heavenly Power O Lord defend	415
531	With humble Heart and Tongue	521
533	With melting Heart and weeping Eyes	294
533	With Tears of Anguish I lament	49
535	With Thee Great God the Stories of Light	492
536		
447	Ye dying Sons of Men	811
439	Ye glittering Toys of Earth adieu	187
435	Ye Hearts with youthful Vigor warm	518
557	Ye humble Saints proclaim abroad	19
122	Ye humble Souls approach your God	112
241	Ye humble Souls complain no more	234
532	Ye humble Souls rejoice	260
21	Ye humble Souls that seek the Lord	144
343	Ye little Flock whom Jesus feeds	127
435	Ye mourning Saints whole streaming Tears	558
557	Ye Prisoners of Hope	198
44	Ye Scarlet-color'd Sinners come	121
351	Ye Servants of the Lord	326
414	Ye Servants of your God his Fame	7
574	Ye Sons of Men with Joy record	30
441	Ye that pass by behold the Man	136
79	Ye trembling Souls dismiss your Fears	288
44	Ye virgin Souls arise	55
579	Ye Worlds of Light that roll so near	160
156	Ye wretched hungry starving Poor	403
100	Yes I would love thee, Blessed God	147
359	Yes the Redeemer rose	141
183	Yes there are Joys that cannot die	436
293	Yonder amazing Sight I see	138
197	Your Harps ye trembling Saints	224
228		
554		
375		
63		
274		
312		
568		
562		
238		

GENERAL CONTENTS.

GOD.	from Hymn 1 to the 26	
CREATION and PROVIDENCE	27	37
FALL of MAN	38	42
SCRIPTURE, Properties of it	43	46
Moral and Ceremonial Law	47	53
Gospel	54	61
Doctrines and Blessings	62	113
Invitations and Promises	114	128
CHRIST, his Incarnation and Ministry	129	135
Sufferings and Death	136	139
Resurrection and Ascension	140	146
Exaltation and Intercession	147	155
Characters placed alphabetically	156	205
SPIRIT, his Influences	206	216
Graces of the, placed alphabetically	217	293
CHRISTIAN LIFE	294	328
WORSHIP, Private	329	332
Family	333	337
Public	338	345
Lord's Day	346	352
Before Prayer	353	358
Before Sermon	359	371
After Sermon, and Doxologies	372	397
WORLD	398	402
CHURCH, described, formed, &c. &c.	403	406
Ordinations, &c. &c.	407	412
Pastors, Deacons, People	413	422
Associations of Churches	423	431
Collections for Poor Churches	432	436
Church Meetings	437	441
BAPTISM	442	471
LORD's SUPPER	472	480
TIMES and SEASONS	491	542
TIME and ETERNITY	543	549
DEATH and the RESURRECTION	550	569
JUDGMENT	570	570
HELL and HEAVEN	580	588

HYMNS, &c.

G O D.

HYMN I. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Addison's. Tune I.

A Song of praise to God.

- 1 **T**O GOD the universal King
Let all mankind their tribute bring:
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame,
To celebrate its builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun that rules the day,
As thro' the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And thro' the night the praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores:
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

II. (L. M.) WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.

Old Hundred 100.*The Unity of God, Deut. vi. 4.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL GOD! Almighty Cause
Of Earth and Seas, and Worlds unknown;
All things are subject to Thy Laws;
All things depend on Thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
Control'd by none are Thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To Thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread Thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as Thou art, God alone.

III. (L. M.)

Paul's 246. Fawcett 184.

The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great invisible! what hand
Can draw Thy Image spotless fair?

To what in heav'n, to what on earth
Can men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid Heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the GOD that made the Heavens,
JEHOVAH HE, and GOD alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms, delight him more.

IV. (L. M.) STEELE.

Babylon Streams 23. Angel's Hymn 60.
The Eternity of God and Man's Mortality, Ps. xc.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast been thy children's GOD,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry Heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art GOD.

3 Great Father of Eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom?
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways
That we may learn to live and die.

- 6 O make our sacred pleasures rise
In sweet proportion to our pains,
'Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.
- 7 [Let thy Almighty work appear
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliss thy servants share,
Continued to thy children shine.
- 8 Thy glorious image fair imprest,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labours own thy care!]

V. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Angel's Hymn 60. Paul's 246.

*The Immutability of God, and the Mutability of
the Creation, Psalms cii. 25—28.*

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, LORD, with unsurpris'd survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwel'st in self-existent light;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

- 5 But let the creatures fall around :
 Let death consign us to the ground :
 Let the last general flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies ;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
 Can all the wreck of nature see,
 While grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God,

VI, (C, M.) DR, WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS,
 Bedford 91, Abridge 201.

The Infinite.

- 1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be !
 Great EVERLASTING One !
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfined thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace :
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound,
 An ocean of infinities
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 The mysteries of creation lie
 Beneath enlighten'd minds ;
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds.
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole,
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.

- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in thee
 But boundless, unconceivables,
 And vast eternity,

VII. (L. M.) MERRICK'S PSALMS.

Wareham 117. Ayliffe Street 241.

Omnipotence ; or, the Power and Providence of God.

Psalm cxxxv,

- 1 **Y**E servants of your GOD, his fame
 In songs of highest praise proclaim :
 Ye who, on his commands intent,
 The courts of Israel's LORD frequent.
 Him praise the everlasting King,
 And mercy's unexhausted spring :
 Haste, to his name your voices rear ;
 What name like his the heart can cheer ?
- 3 Thy greatness, LORD, my thoughts attest,
 With awful gratitude impress'd,
 Nor know, among the seats divine,
 A power that shall contend with thine :
- 4 O thou, whose all-disposing sway,
 The heavens, the earth, and seas obey ;
 Whose might through all extent extends,
 Sinks through all depth, all heights transcends ;
- 5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
 Now bids the pregnant vapours rise,
 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
 And glads with show'rs the furrow'd lands ;
- 6 Now from thy storehouse, built on high,
 Permits the imprison'd winds to fly ;
 And, guided by thy will, to sweep
 The surface of the foaming deep.

- 7 Him praise the ever-lasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

VIII. (C, M.)

Charmouth 28. Elenborough 170.

The Omnipotence and Omniscience of God.

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou with an unerring beam
Surveyest all my powers
My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee;
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering Summit find,
- 6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, thro' nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?

- 7 Scal'd I the Skies; the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul :
Plunged I to Hell ; there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood ;
- 9 Thither thine hand, all-present God,
Must guide the wond'rous way,
And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.
- 10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon,
Before thy piercing sight,
- 11 " The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
" Are both alike to thee :
" O may I ne'er provoke that power
" From which I cannot flee !"

IX. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Abridg'd 201, Canterbury 199.

Divine Sovereignty ; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things ;
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to BE.

- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine;
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

X. 7^s. B. FRANCIS.

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

The Majesty of God.

- 1 **G**LORY to th' eternal King,
Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all Heaven his praises sing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.

- 7 Scal'd I the Skies; the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plunged I to Hell; there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;
- 9 Thither thine hand, all-present God,
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.
- 10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing light,
- 11 "The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
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IX. (C: MR) DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Abridge 200, Canterbury 199.

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Hang on his firm decree:
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 My fate with curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb!
- X. 7. B. FRANCIS.
 Cookham 36. Alcester 213.
The Majesty of God.
- 1 **G**LORY to th' eternal Kings
 Clad in majesty supreme!
 Let all Heaven his praises sing,
 Let all worlds his power proclaim.

- 2 Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the Universe sustains,
As an atom in his sight.
- 3 Suns on suns thro' boundless space
With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.
- 4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.
- 5 O let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze,
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise!

XI. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Uxverston 179. Illington 40.

The Wisdom of God.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
His ways are just, his councils wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his works, the cause conceals;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In Heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confess'd
That what he does is ever best.

- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

XII. C. M. J. STEELE.

Liverpool 83. Exeter 4.

The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his son, his only son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

XIII (L. M.)

Derby 169. Rothwell 174.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord, Ps. lxxli. 7.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my J'es-us to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

XIV. (C. M.) Dr. Whiston's *LYRIC POEMS*.

Michael's 1191. Brightelmstone 208.

The Grace of God: or, Divine Condescension,

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,

With scorn divine he turns his eyes

From towers of haughty kings

He bids his awful chariot roll

Far downward from the skies,

To visit every humble soul,

With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord, that reigns above,

Descend to lofty kings?

Say Lord, and why such looks of love

Upon such worthless things?

Mortals be dumb; what creature dares

Dispute his awful will?

Ask no account of his affair,

But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,

All sov'reign, and all free;

Great God, how searchless are thy ways!

How deep thy judgments be!

THE XVII. or, Same.

Geard 1191, Brightelmstone 208.

The Mercy of God, Psalm lxxxix.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my
song,

The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,

Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,

Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;

- But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a march for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To th' poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for JESUS's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in JESUS exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas JESUS my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of Mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

XVI. 7.

Fifth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good spirit strive!
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it, unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.
- 3 O the length and breadth of love!
JESUS, SAVIOUR, can it be?

PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 217

All thy mercies height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.

- 4 See a bush that burns with fire
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside; th' sight to admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

- 5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give.
Ever tell---to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

XVII. (C. M.)

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

The Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us sing.

- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look, and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.

- 3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways,
Shall perish from his sight.

- 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

- 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;

A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

- 6 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

XVIII. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Green's Hundred 89. Old Hundred 100.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

- 1 GREAT GOD, my Maker and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good; proclaim thee just:
2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:
3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored:
5 While these excite my fear and joy;
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O LORD, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

XIX. (L. M.) N—

Portugal 97. Paul's 246.

The Truth and Faithfulness of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

- 1 YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God:
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise!
2 The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear;

What should he tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

- 3 He will not his great self deny:
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.
- 4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift thro' the air, let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;
- 5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

- 6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

XXI. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS!

Wareham 117. Kingsbridge 88.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall;
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise,
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

XXI. (C. M.) Dr. S. STEPHENSON

Gainborough 29. Brightwellmston 208.

*Mercy and Truth met together; or, the Harmony of
the divine Perfection. Psalm lxxv. 1-6.*

- 1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclos'd his kind design,
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame and sin;
- 2 Quick, through the realms of light and bliss,
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd a while,
And ask'd with strange surprise:
"But how can injur'd justice smile,
"Or look with pitying eyes?"
- 4 ["Will the Almighty deign again
"To visit yonder world;
"And hither bring rebellious men,
"Whence rebels once were hurl'd?"

- 5 " Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
" Aloud for mercy call;
" But ah! must truth and righteousness
" To mercy victims fall?"
- 6 So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surpris'd;
Eager to know the wondrous plan,
That wisdom had devis'd.
- 7 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd,
" In me let mercy be rever'd,
" And justice satisfy'd.
- 8 " Behold! my vital blood I pour,
" A sacrifice to God;
" Let angry justice now no more
" Demand the sinner's blood."
- 9 He spake, and Heaven's high arches rung,
With shouts of loud applause;
" He dy'd," the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapturous joys.

XXII. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity, Eph. iii. 18.

- 1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and Heav'n combine,
In harmony and praise.

XXIII. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Paul's 246. Angels' Hymn 60.

The Incomprehensibility of God

- 1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs;
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

- 5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling place of worms.
- 6 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!
- 7 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

XXIV. (L. M.) N—

Lebanon 79. Marks 65.

The Moral Perfections of the Deity imitated.

Matt. v. 48.

- 1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind;
For noblest thoughts and views design'd;
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.
- 2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.
- 3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed my hungry foe.

- 5 I hope for pardon thro' thy son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O, may the grace that pardons me
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

XXV. (L. M.) MERRICK'S PSALMS,

Gloucester 12. Bromley 104.

The divine Perfections celebrated, Ps. lxxxix. cxlv.

- 1 **M**Y grateful tongue, immortal King,
Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
My verse to time's remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.
- 2 O say, what strength shall vie with thine?
What name among the saints divine,
Of equal excellence possess'd
Thy sov'reignty, great God, contest?
- 3 Thee, LORD, Heaven's host their leader own;
Thee, might unbounded, thee alone,
With endless majesty has crown'd,
And faith unfully'd, vests thee round.
- 4 The Heaven above and earth below,
Thee, LORD, their great possessor know:
By thee this orb to being rose,
And all that Nature's bounds inclose.
- 5 From thee, amid the aerial space,
The north and south assume their place;
'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its swelling tide.
- 6 O, blest'd the tribes, whose willing ear
Awakes the festal shout to hear;
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
Thy favouring beams around them spread.

- 7 How shall they joy from day to day,
 Thy boundless mercy to display,
 Thy righteousness, indulgent LORD,
 With holy confidence record!
- 8 O wise in all thy works! thy name
 Let man's whole race aloud proclaim,
 And, grateful, thro' the length of days,
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

XXVI. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.
 Rothwell 174. Chard 175.

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 Infinite length, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy feat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
 In vain the tall arch-angel tries
 To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 LORD, what shall earth and ashes do!
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
 But O, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 GOD is in Heaven, but man below;
 Be short our tunes; our words be few:
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

XXVII. (L. M.) NEEPHAM.

Rochford 22, Wells 100.

A Summary View of the Creation. Gen. 1.

- 1 **L**OOK up, ye faints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.
- 2 He spoke, and from the womb of night
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him discord heard, and at his nod
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay,
To glide along th' aetherial way.
- 4 Teeming with life, air, earth, and sea,
Obey the Almighty's high decree,
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth, and dust, he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 **L**ORD, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy parent light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine.

XXVIII. (C. M.). BLACKLOCK. XIX.

Crowley, T. New York 43.

The Creation of Man; or, God the Searcher of the Heart. Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **L** ORD, thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom:
And in thy circling arms I lay
A slumberer in the womb.
- 2 Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill,
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill.
- 3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began;
And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran.
- 4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen;
My structure in thy book
Was plann'd before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.
- 5 How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!
Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end?
- 6 Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies;
With night's descending shades they fall,
With morning splendours rise.
- 7 Thine awful glories round me shine,
"My self proclaims thy praise;
"Lord, to thy works of nature join
"Thy miracles of grace."

XXIX. (G. M.) DR. (WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS,

Devizes 1471 Tiverton 109.

A Song to creating Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy Grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in JESUS' face
We see, adore and love.

XXX. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men. Ps. vii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the LORD;
And let his power and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;

- Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd;
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love,
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

XXXI. (L. M.)

Rothwell 174. Virginia 234.

*Providence; or, God working all Things after the
Council of his own Will.*

- 1 **T**HY ways, O LORD, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Tho' now they seem to roam they'd, T

Are led or driven only where

They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know, nor trace the way,

But trusting to thy piercing eye;

None of their feet to ruin stray,

Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn,

To lay her reason at thy throne;

Too weak thy secrets to discern,

I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

XXXII. (C. M.) STEELE.

Abingdon 42. Providence College 10.

Creation and Providence.

1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,

All nature joins to teach thy praise,

And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,

Thy radiant footsteps shine;

Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise

And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,

In earth, and sea, and air;

The meanest flies, the smallest worms,

Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power and goodness, LORD,

In all thy works appear;

And O! let man thy praise record,

Man, thy distinguish'd care!

5 From thee the breath of life he drew;

That breath thy power maintains;

Thy tender mercy, even now,

His brittle frame sustains.

- 6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd,
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.
- 7 Thy Providence, his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours send.
- 8 On us that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

XXXIII. (L. M.)

Kingbridge 88. Green's Hundred 89.

Providence equitable and kind. Psalm cvii.

- 1 **THRO'** all the various shifting scenes
Of life's mistaken ill of good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball,
When most secure, the coming hour
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

- 5 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
 Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetoh'd sigh,
 Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
 That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
 On thy eternal will depend;
 And all for greater good were given,
 And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care, to all beside
 Indifferent let my wishes be,
 "Passion, wrath, and dumb be pride,
 "And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee."

XXXIV. (C. M.) GOWPER.

Gainsborough 29. Follett 181.

The Myths of Providence 3 on 8 *Light shining out of Darkneſs.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a myſterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
 And rides upon the ſtorm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing ſtill;
 He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
 And works his ſov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful ſaints, ſteel courage take,
 The clouds ye from above do ſee,
 Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
 In bleſſings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
 But truſt him for his grace,
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a ſmiling face.
- 5 His purpoſes will ripen ſoon,
 Unſtaying every hour;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XXXV. (C. M.) BIDDOME.

Bedford 91. Stamford 9.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.

- 1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

- 3 But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

- 4 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

XXXVI. (C. M.) ADDISON.

1711. Exeter 4.

The Traveller's Psalm.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

XXXVII. (C. M.) STEELE.

James's 163. Elim 191.

Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious LORD,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

PROVIDENCE.

37

- 3 [Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned my eye!
How many past, almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!
- 5 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While sweet reflection, thro' my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 8 LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 9 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

THE FALL.

XXXVIII. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRIC
POEMS.

Wareham 117. Babylon-Streams 23.

Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam.

- 1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprove nor pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?
- 3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.
- 4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms and bleeds and dies.
- 5 Amazing work! look down ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

XXXIX. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Walsal 237. Ludlow 84.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin;
3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me what'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due,
4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

- 5 How long, dear SAVIOUR, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast,
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

XL (S. M.)
One happy hour to love and praise
Wilt thou bestow?
While faith still lifts my longing sight
To realms of joy and bliss above.
The Evil Heart. Jer. xviii. 9. Matt. xx. 9.

A STONISHED I stand,
I hear mine eyes are dim;
My heart with loads of guilt is bound,
And reason's voice is dumb.
2 What crowds of evil thoughts
What vile affections throng
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, fleshly fear,
3 O

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud Hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

XLI. (L. M.) CANTABRIDGE

Kingbridge 88. Virginia 234.

Sin and Holiness.

1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within!
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail;
Thou' each by turns my heart assails.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high.
Sing a rebellious passion flame,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies;
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few minutes intervene
'Ere earth recleims my captive soul I
I feel its draggins force,
And headlong urge me downward near.

5 How short the joy thy visit gives,
How long thine absence does me grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon.

C

30

SCRIPTURE;

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

XLIII. (C. M.)

Michael's 110. Sprague 166.

The inspired Word a System of Knowledge and Joy,
Psalmic 105.

1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
 To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears,
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp of truth shall be our guide
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

XLIV. (E. M.) BEDDOME.

Portugal 67. Marks 65.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

1 **W**HEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd
 A fiery pillar went before
 To guide them thro' the dreary waste
 And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God, our King
 'Tis for our light and guidance giv'
 It sheds a lustre all abroad
 And points the path to bliss and Heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight
 And quickens its inactive powers,

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43

- It sets our wandering footsteps right;
Displays thy love and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye British isles, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the LORD,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

XLV. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

New York 33. Providence College 10.

The Riches of God's Word.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her fav'rite God pursue;
Thy word, O LORD, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here confess'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

- 6 For these ineffable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

XLVI. (C. M.) STEELE.

Michael's and Evans's.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

XLVII. (C. M.) DR. GIBBONS.

Salem 139. Braintree 25.

Our Duty to God, Exod. xx. 3-12.

1 **T**HAT God, who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God, and to his name
In homage bow the knee.

2 Let not a shape which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God, nor think him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.

3 Take not in vain the name of God:
Nor must thou ever dare,
To make thy falsehoods pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.

4 That day on which he bids thee rest
From toil, to pray and praise,
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.

5 O may that God, who gave these laws,
Write them on every heart,
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart.

XLVIII. (C. M.) DR. GIBBONS.

Worklop 31. Gainborough 29.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

1 **T**HY fire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy mind and might,
Fear, love, and serve; so shall thy days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

2 The blood of man thou shalt not shed,
Its voice will pierce the sky,
And thou, by the just laws of heaven,
For the dire crime shalt die.

- 3 To thine own couch thou shalt not take
A wife but her thine own:
Vast is the guilt, and on thine head
Heaven darts its vengeance down.
- 4 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth.
Thy goods, thy stores, must grow from right
Or God will curse thy wealth.
No man shalt thou by a false charge,
Or crush or brand with shame;
Dear as thine own, so will thy God
Must be his life and name.
- 6 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine:
Live in thy lot, or lot or great,
For God has drawn the line.

[Hymn XLVII. Ver. 5, may be added here.]

XLIX. (L.M.) Dr. Doane's.

Green's Hundred 89. Fawcett 184.

The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye,
Behold the balance lifted high:
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law,
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold! the hand of God appears,
To trace those dreadful characters;
"Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.

For the crime which thou hast done.

- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
 Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
 Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
 And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail,
 CHRIST in the Scripture turns the scale;
 Still doth the Gospel publish peace,
 And shew a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 JESUS, exert thy power to save,
 Deep on this heart thy truth engrave,
 Great GOD, the load of guilt remove,
 That trembling lips may sing thy love.

L. (L. M.)

Babylon-Streams 23. Kingbridge 88.

*The Practical Use of the Moral Law to the convicted
 Sinner.*

- 1 **H**ERE, LORD, my soul convicted stands
 Of breaking all thy ten commands:
 And on me justly might it thou pour
 Thy wrath in one eternal shower.
- 2 But thanks to GOD, its loud alarms
 Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
 And now, O LORD, my wants I see;
 Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
 Can ne'er thy broken law redress;
 Yet in thy Gospel plan I see
 There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, LORD,
 How CHRIST hath to thy law restor'd
 Those honours on th' atoning day,
 Which guilty sinners took away.

- 5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O LORD, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

LL. (C. M.) COWPER.

Burford 108. Workshop 31.

Legal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies
For want of clearer light.

- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

- 3 Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

- 4 Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son, O LORD,
I freely choose his ways.

- 5 What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow;
What shall I render to the LORD,
Is my inquiry now.

- 6 To see the law by CHRIST fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

LII. (L. M.) Dr. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

- 1 "CURST be the man, for ever curst,
 " That doth one wilful sin commit;
 " Death and damnation for the first,
 " Without relief, and infinite."
 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder and fire, and vengeance flings;
 But, JESUS, thy dear gasping breath,
 And Calvary, say gentler things;
 3 " Pardon and grace, and boundless love,
 " Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
 " And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 " Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."
 4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips) "FORGIVE!"
 And ev'ry groan, and gaping wound,
 Cries, "Father let the rebels live."
 5 Go you that rest upon the law,
 And toil and seek salvation there,
 Look to the flame that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
 SAVIOUR, at thy dear feet I lie;
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

LIII. 148th. COWPER.

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125.

The Ceremonial Law Heb. iv. 2.

- 1 ISRAEL in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the Gospel too;

The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The Paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the love, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore;
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our luxury seem'd to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age.
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

But learn'd the Gospel too;

THE GOSPEL.

LIV. (L. M.) BERDOME.

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal councils known;
 'Tis here his richest mercy shines
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of low humble frame
 May taste his grace, and learn his name;
 'Tis written characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways
 His soul-attracting charms displays,
 Recounts his poverty and pains,
 And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
 Its influence makes the sinner live,
 It bids the drooping faint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
 And comfort yields to contrite souls;
 It brings a better world in view,
 And guides us all our journey thro'.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
 Close to my heart, and near my eye,
 'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
 And be my chosen heritage!

LV. (C. M.) DR. GIBBONS.

Irish 171. Cambridge New 74.

The Gospel worthy of all acceptation. 1 Tim. i. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the eternal Son of God,
 Whom Seraphim obey,

The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

- 2 Into our sinful world he comes
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

- 3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find!
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His spirit heals the mind.

- 4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell;
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immortally secure.

- 5 O let these tidings be received
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ!

- 6 "Glory to God, who gave his Son
"To bear our shame and pain!"
"Hence peake on earth, and grace to men,
"In endless blessings reign."

LVI. (C. M.)

Wiltshire 110. Oxford 177.

The Gospel a Feast, Isaiah xlv. 6.

- 1 O N'Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons, and Gentle lands
Shall in the banquet share.

- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows:
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

- 3 See to the vilest of the vile,
A free acceptance given;
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven.
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.
- 5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

LVII. 148th. Altered by TOPPARDY.

Portsmouth New 1844. Jubilee, New 1973

The Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 [Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above;
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And fare in Jesus' dwell,
And blest in Jesus' live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The Gospel trumpet hears,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

LVIII. (L. M.) DR. DOBSON.
Gloucester. 12. Derby. 1697.

The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15.

1 LOUD let the trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round:
Let every soul with praise portend,
And hail the Lord's exalted end:
Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,

THE GOSPEL.

59

- When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets, and pearly gates.
- 5 Her bless'd inhabitants no more,
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt but love immensely great,
Their joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew that jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

LIX. (C. M.) Dr. S. STENNATT.

Oxford 177. Hammond 226.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God. 1 Tim. i. 11.

- 1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Thro' all the Gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners owe'd,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

38

D 2

- 4 There he our great High Priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

- 5 Great God, with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace:
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

LX. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.

Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till JESUS brings his Gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell
Which save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the LORD.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure mines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain;
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

LXI. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

London 1802 Folslett 1811

A Rational Defence of the Gospel.

- 1 **S**HALL Atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God?
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood!
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his Gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the men, despis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the Prophet spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin?
None should reproach the Saviour's name,
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor ever shun those holy men,
Who fear and love the Lord.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

LXII. 3. 6. TOPLEADY.

Bourton 50. Haughton 68.

Everlasting Love and electing Grace.

- 1 **H**OW happy are we
Our election who see,
And venture, O LORD, for salvation on thee!
In JESUS approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.
- 3 Our seeking thy face,
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise.
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.
- 4 Our Saviour and friend
His love shall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never shall end.
Whom once he receives
His spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.
- 5 This proof we would give,
That thee we receive,
Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe.
Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross,
Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy cross.

GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE

63

PART THE SECOND.

- 6 Yet, one thing we want,
More holiness grant!
For more of thy mind, and thy image we pant:
Thine image impress
On thy favourite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!
- 7 Thy workmanship we
More fully would be
LORD, stretch out thine hand, and conform us
To thee;
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.
- 8 Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow:
Our harps shall be tuned,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus thro' heaven shall resound.

LXIII. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

The Consequences of Election. Rom. viii. 33---39.

- 1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God?
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.
- 2 He, for the sins of all the elect,
Hath a complete atonement made;
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from CHRIST the LORD.
- 4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above,
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure:
And those who on his word depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure.

LXIV. 148th. L. H. C.

Bethesda 112. Eagle-Street 16.

Eternal and unchangeable Love. 2 Tim. i. 12.

Chap. ii. 13. Phil. i. 6.

- 1 **O** My distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears,
But greater, LORD, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did JESUS once upon me shine?
Then JESUS is for ever mine.

- 2 Unchangeable his will,
Tho' dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul thro' many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou, LORD, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm;
'Midst all my fears, and sin and woe,
Thy SPIRIT will not let me go.

- 4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is Love!
Myself into thy arms I cast;
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

When the angel said, "Thou shalt be saved."

Lewes 63. Painwick 162.

The godly Consideration of Election in Christ comfortable.

- 1 SONS we are, thro' God's election,
Who in JESUS CHRIST believe:
By eternal destination
Sovereign grace we here receive:

LORD, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

- 2 Every fallen soul by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has restored thy sons again.

Countless millions
Shall in life, through JESUS reign.

- 3 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder!

Ask, "O why such love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family.

Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

- 4 Since that love had no beginnings
And shall never, never cease,

Keep, O keep me, LORD, from sinning!

Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in

All the paths of holiness.

5 When I quit this feeble mansion;
 And my soul returns to thee;
 Let the power of thy ascension,
 Manifest itself in me;
 Thro' thy SPIRIT;
 Give the final victory!

6 When the angel sounds the trumpet;
 When my soul and body join;
 When my SAVIOUR comes to judgment,
 Bright in majesty divine;

Let me triumph
 In thy righteousness as prince.

7 When in that blest habitation,
 Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
 When in glory's full possession,
 I with saints and angels stand;
 FREE GRACE only
 Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

LXVI.

THE COVENANT GOD.

1 THE GOD of Abram praise,
 Whom signs and wonders
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love!

JEHOVAH great I AM!
 By earth and heaven confess,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 How venerable!

2 The GOD of Abram praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise and feel the joys
 At his right hand!

I'd all on earth forsake,
 It's wisdom, fame, and power :
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abram praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days
 In all his ways :
 He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesus' blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn
 I on his oath depend :
 I shall on eagles wings upborne,
 To Heaven ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore !

PART THE SECOND.

- 5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand ;
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At God's command :
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view,
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

- 6 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 The land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

- 8 The ransom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face,
Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He shews his scars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound thro' all the world above,
"The slaughter'd Lamb."

- 9 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail Abram's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

LXVII. (C. M.) Dr. DOUGLASS.

Workshop 31 Salem 130.

Support in God's Covenant and Treasure.

- 1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,

THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

62

- And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure. XIX
- 2 What tho' my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art, become my friend,
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy foreign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant the last agent claims
Of this poor filtering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

LXVIII. 112th. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

Scarborough 203. Hoxton 121.

Pleading the Covenant. Psalm lxxiv. 20.

- 1 **O** LORD my God, whose sovereign love
Is still the same, and ever can make
Look to the covenant, and see
Has not thy love been shown to me?
Remember me, my dearest friend,
And love me always to the end.
- 2 Be with me still, be thou my God,
And help me forward more and more;
My strong, my stubborn will incline
To be obedient still to thine;
O lead me, by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

43

There mill be I have gladness in And
And oil and my happiness LXIX.

What tho, my house be not with thee
Feverham 220. Bath Abbey 147. A

There d. 20. *Redeeming Love*. To nobler joy.

1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in praise of his name.

Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,

See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin.

Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his loved rest,

Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,

We shall all the lusts prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,

From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

And guide me to Canaan's land.

- 8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Winchester 137. Rothwell 174.

Redemption by Christ alone, 1 Pet. 1. 18, 19.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant way,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

- 3 **J**ESUS, the LORD, the mighty GOD,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalu'd price his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

- 4 **J**ESUS, the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

- 5 Amazing goodness, love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore!
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more.

- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love possess
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret lurking foe suppress,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

44

LXXI. 8, 7, 4.

HARK! the voice of Love and Mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!

See! it rends the rocks asunder,

Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

"It is finish'd!"

Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure

Do these charming words afford

Heavenly blessings without measure.

Flow to us from CHRIST the Lord;

It is finished!

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows

Of the ceremonial law, the Lord, the

Finish'd all that GOD had promised:

Death and hell no more shall awe,

It is finish'd !

Saints, from hence your comfort draw

4 [Happy souls ^{lie down} approach the table,

Taste the food-reviving food

Nothing half so sweet and pleasant

As the Saviour's flesh and blood,

It is finish'd ! er

CHRIST has borne the heavy load

5. Tune your harp anew, ye feathered

Join to find the pleasing then

All in earth, and all in heaven,

Join to praise Brumariček's name

Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

LXXII. (L. M.) Dr. S. STENNETT.

Leeds 1911. Rochford 22.

It is finished John xix. 30.

- 1 **T**IS finish'd, for the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd.
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.
3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.
5 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

LXXIII. 8. D. TURNER.

Limefield 94.

Gratitude to God for Redemption, Eph. 1. 7, 11.

- 1 **S**HALL Jesus descend from the skies,
To atone for our sins by his blood.
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?

7367. 57 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

2 [No brute could be ever so base (LXXI)

Shall man thus ungrateful then prove?

Forbid it, O God of all Grace

Forbid it, in thine Spirit of Love

3 The devils would laugh us to scorn,

For folly so shameful as this

O let us to God then return,

Sure never was goodness like his.

4 He sav'd us, or we had been lost,

Nor comfort, nor hope had e'er known

Yet he knew this salvation would cost

No less than the blood of his Son.

5 Thro' him we forgiveness shall find

And taste the sweet blessings of peace,

If contrite and humbly resign'd,

We trust in his promised grace.

6 This world then with all its gay

That its thousands has made and undone,

May tempt, but shall never destroy

Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.

7 While here thro' the desert we stray,

Our God shall be all our delight,

Our pillar of cloud in the day

And also of fire in the night.

8 Till the Jordan of death lately pass'd,

We stand on the heavenly shore,

Where we the hid manna shall taste,

Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

9 And there, while his glories we see,

And feast on the joys of his love,

We chang'd to his likeness shall be,

And then shall all gratitude prove.

LXXIV. 8, 8, 6. TO PLADY.

Chatham 59.

Christ's Atonement.

1 **O** Thou, who didst thy glory leave
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall,
If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me ne'er shall rise,
For thou hast borne them all.

2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed,
To expiate my stain?
On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail,
The sufferings of the man.

3 Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold the incarnate King of Heaven
For us his foes expire!
Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.

4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless.
The God, for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone:
Praise 'till, with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

LXXV. 8, 7. L. H. C.

Tabernacle 239. Trowbridge 21.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

1 **H**AIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

76 +7 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given thro' thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made;
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 JESUS, hail, enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side;
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give;
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest noble joys;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.
- Depford 124. Firth's 146.
 Pleading the Atonement, Psalm lxxxiv. 9.
- 1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
 Only sin and misery,

- Turn to thy appointed one,
 Look on thy beloved Son;
 Him, and then the sinner see;
 Look thro' Jesus' wounds on me.
- 2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
 Hear, and show thou hear'st my call;
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow
 Smile on me a sinner now!
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look, and melt my heart.
- 3 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Hear my advocate divine,
 Lo! to his my suit I join;
 Join'd with his, it cannot fail;
 Let me now with thee prevail!
- 4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
 To his bloody sacrifice,
 To the full atonement made,
 To the utmost ransom paid;
 And, if mine, thro' him thou art,
 Speak thy mercy to my heart.
- 5 JESUS, answer from above;
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Pity from thine eye let fall,
 Bless me, whilst on thee I call:
 Am I thine, thou Son of God?
 Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 6 Father, see the victim slain,
 Offer'd up for guilty men;
 Hear his blood prevailing cry;
 Let thy bowels then reply:
 Then thro' him the sinner see;
 Then, in Jesus, look on me!

LXXVII. (C. M.) TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Cambridge New 74. Follett 181.

Efficacious Grace, Psalm xly. 3, 5.

1 **H**AIL! mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!

The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
They pierce the hardest heart;

Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway.

Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete;
When all the chosen race

Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conquering grace;

5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band:

And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

LXXVIII. (L. M.)

Kingbridge 88. New Sabbath 122.

The Conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 4-10.

1 **O**NCE as the Saviour pass'd along,
Zaccheus fain the Lord would see;

Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before and climb'd a tree.

2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh
Upward he look'd and saw him there:

"Zaccheus, hasten down, for I

"Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.

- 3 "To-day" and pardoning Saviour cries:
 "Salvation to thy hold is come,
 "On wings of love reign love it flies:
 "Go tell the blissful news at home."
- 4 LORD, look on souls that gaze around,
 To every listening sinner speak;
 None may thy ancient love abound,
 From every seat or captive take.
- 5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet:
 Come to the feast his love prepares;
 The lost are sought and sav'd, how sweet!
 And not the righteous Christ declares.
- 6 Say, what are you come out to view?
 Jesus who came for sinners died:
 O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
 "Cast sinful righteous self aside."
- 7 LORD, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?
 Dost thou invite me to thy home?
 "Welcome," "Abide with me to my breast,"
 To-day let thy salvation come.

LXXIX. (C. M.)

New York 33. Hammond 226.

The Lost Sheep Found, &c. &c. Heaven on the

Cornerstone of a Sinner. Luke xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold
 Has lost a straying sheep,
 Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
 And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
 When he the wanderer finds,
 Up in his arms he takes his charge,
 And to his shoulder binds.

- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete,
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd green.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy,
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weeps;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire
"A wandering sheep's return'd," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

LXXX. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Wantage 204. Bangor 231.

The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

"Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.

- 3 " JESUS, thou Son and heir of heaven,
 " Thou spotless Lamb of God,
 " I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
 " And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 " Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
 " In triumph thou shalt rise,
 " Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
 " And shine above the skies.
- 5 " Amid the glories of that world,
 " Dear Saviour, think on me,
 " And in the vict'ries of thy death
 " Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying JESUS hears,
 And instantly replies
 " To-day thy parting soul shall be
 " With me in paradise."

LXXXI. (S. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE

New Eagle-Street 55. Ryland 48.

Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration. 1 Cor. vi. 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine,
 By everlasting bonds;
 Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
 Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
 With ever growing zeal;
 If millions tempt us CHRIST to leave,
 O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
 Our souls to thee our head;
 Shall form us to thy image bright,
 That we thy paths may tread.

- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near thy side
Thro' all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since CHRIST and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

LXXXII. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Rochford 22. Langdon 217.

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

- 1 **T**O GOD, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring:
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise;
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me wett'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.
With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and sooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest LORD,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Thro' the remainder of my days:
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

LXXXIII. (L. M.)

Babylon-Streams 23. Paul's 246.

Human Righteousness insufficient to justify, Mic. vi. 6-8.

1 **W** Herewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?

How in thy purer eyes appear?

What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most High?

Will multiply'd oblations please?

Thousands of rams, his favour buy,

Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?

3 Can these alluage the wrath of God?

Can these wash out my guilty stain?

Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,

Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to trust?

I nothing have, I nothing am;

Excluded is my every boast,

My glory swallow'd up in shame.

5 Guilty, I stand before thy face;

My sole desert is hell and wrath:

'Twere just the sentence should take place;

But O, I plead my Saviour's death!

6 I plead the merits of thy Son,

Who died for sinners on the tree;

I plead his righteousness alone,

O put the spotless robe on me!

LXXXIV. (L. M.)

Leeds 19.

Lewton 30.

Imputed Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6. Ha. xiv. 24.

1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness

My beauty are, my glorious dress;

'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,

With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me!"
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While thro' thy blood absolv'd I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of CHRIST is ever new.

- 6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid, LORD, thy banish'd ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
JESUS, the LORD, our righteousness.

LXXXV. 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

New Haven 248. Hoxton 121.

The pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT God of Wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

LXXXVI. (C. M.) STEELE

Ludlow 84. Brighthelmstone 208.

Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hof. xiv. 4.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart,
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet, sov'reign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love!

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power

How glorious, how divine!

That can to life and bliss restore

So vile a heart as mine.

- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,

Dear Saviour, I adore;

O keep me at thy sacred feet;

And let me rove no more.

LXXXVII, (L. M.) DR. GIBBONS.

Milbank 113. New Sabbath 122.

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound

To malefactors doom'd to die;

Publish the bliss the world around;

Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;

'Tis full, out-measuring every crime;

Unclouded shall its glories shine,

And feel no change, by changing time.

- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,

And like the mountains for their size,

The seas of sovereign grace expand,

The seas of sovereign grace arise.

- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven

What grateful honours shall we show?

Where much transgression is forgiven

Let love in equal ardours glow,

- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days

With various holiness be crown'd,

Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,

In all abide, in all abound.

LXXXVIII. (S. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Wirksworth 158. Broderip's 252.

Confession and Pardon. 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 13. 1

- 1 **M**Y sorrows like a flood,
 Impatient of restraint.
 Into thy bosom, O my God,
 Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine
 Could once defy the Lord,
 Could rush with violence on to sin
 In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood
 A rebel to the skies,
 And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
 Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O shall I never feel
 The meltings of thy love;
 Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
 That mercy cannot move?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,
 Here at thy cross I lie,
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
 And weep, and love, and die.
- 6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise,
 Behold my wounded veins!
 Here flows a sacred crimson flood,
 To wash away thy stains."
- 7 See God is reconcil'd!
 Behold his smiling face!
 Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
 And sound aloud his grace.

LXXXIX. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Pardon spoken by Christ. Matt. ix. 2.

1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join,
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiv'n;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

XC. (L. M.) STODDON.

Virginia 234. Kingsbridge 8.

God ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.

1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears,
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
And sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant or a God?

3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

- 4 What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
IMMANUEL'S blood will make them white
As snow thro' the pure æther borne.
- 5 LORD, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms surprize;
But was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the LORD,
"No humble penitent shall die;"
LORD, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

XCI. 8, 6, 8. CRUTTENDEN.

Ewell 80. Francis 200. Welton Favell 27.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of Kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain,
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure:
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day,
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away.

XCIL. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Braintree 25. Stamford 9.

Abba, Father. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a father's name.
- 2 My father God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name,
On my expanding heart;
And shew, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

XCIH. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Oxford 106, Follett 181.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

1 **H**ARK! for 'tis God's own son that calls
To life and liberty;

Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free,

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain;
Smiling he deals those pardons round,
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father, cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

XCIV. 7. HUMPHREYS.

Georgia 192. Turin 244.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

94 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus we believe:
With them, &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within:
With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.
- 6 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:
With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with CHRIST;
They with love and peace are fill'd,
They are by his Spirit seal'd:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

XCV. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

Christians the Sons of God. John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;
Sons of the **GOD** who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 [On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace :
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
His pity and his love engage :
He clasps them in his arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.]
- 5 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go ;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 6 When, thro' temptation they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.
- 7 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

- 8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too.
- 9 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

XCVI. (S. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Harborough 142. Simons 250.

Communion with God and Christ. 1 John i. 3.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,
And CHRIST invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 GOD pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!
- 4 JESUS, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
'Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

COMMUNION WITH GOD. 97, 98

XCVII. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188.

Desiring Communion with God.

- 1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road,
That leads to Heaven, that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love,
From the pure fountain-head above :
My dearest LORD, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :
Art thou withdrawn ? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

XCVIII. (C. M.) COWPER.

Ludlow 84. Condescension 116.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the LORD ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of JESUS, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their memory still !
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 What'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purest light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

XCIX. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Workshop 31. Wantage 204.

*O that I knew where I might find him;—Sins and
 Sorrows laid before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.*

1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,
 Where I might find my God!
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrattle with my God;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones;
 He takes the meaning of his faints,
 The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

SANCTIFICATION. 100, 101

C. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS

Abridge 201. Elenborough 170.

Sanctification and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we sinners hide our heads,
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave.
- 2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
JESUS, to thy dear wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy blood.
- 3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.
- 4 We bless that wond'rous purple stream
That cleanses every stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
If sin, the tyrant, reign.
- 5 LORD, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

CI. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Mark's 65. Bowden 78.

Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd. John x. 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.
- 2 Hail, great IMMANUEL, from above,
High seated on thy throne of love!
O pour the vital torrent down,
'Thy people's joy, their LORD's renown.

- 3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry,
 Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
 Kind Saviour, let our dying state
 Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
 O may we all its influence feel!
 'Till inward deep experience show,
 CHRIST can begin a heav'n below.

CII. (S. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Simons 250. Broderip's 252.

The Leper healed; or, Sanctification implored.

Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lep'rous Jew,
 Oppress'd with pain and grief,
 Pouring his tears at JESUS' feet,
 For pity and relief.
- 2 "O speak the word," he cries,
 "And heal me of my pain:
 "LORD, thou art able, if thou wilt,
 "To make a leper clean."
- 3 Compassion moves his heart,
 He speaks the gracious word;
 The leper feels his strength return,
 And all his sickness cur'd.
- 4 To thee, dear LORD, I look,
 Sick of a worse disease:
 Sin is my painful malady,
 And none can give me ease.
- 5 But thy Almighty grace
 Can heal my lep'rous soul:
 O bathe me in thy precious blood,
 And that will make me whole.

CIII. (S. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Hopkins 157. Kibworth 249.

The Security of Christ's Sheep. John x. 27--29.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
While JESUS'S silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my shepherd speaks.
- 2 "I know my sheep," he cries,
"My soul approves them well:
"Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
"And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 "I freely feed them now
"With tokens of my love,
"But richer pastures I prepare,
"And sweeter streams above.
- 4 "Unnumber'd years of bliss
"I to my sheep will give;
"And, while my throne unshaken stands,
"Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 "This tried Almighty hand
"Is rais'd for their defence:
"Where is the power shall reach them there!
"Or what shall force them thence?"
- 6 Enough, my gracious LORD,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

CIV. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Angels Hymn 60. Green's Hundred 89.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ. 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell! 58

- Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftneſs 'ſcape, nor courage ſave.
- 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How ſhrill the univerſal cry
Of millions in the laſt deſpair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring ſky!
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy ſaint,
Surrounded with a choſen ſew,
Sat in his ark, ſecure from fear,
And ſang the grace that ſteer'd him thro'.
- 5 So may I ſing, in Jeſus ſafe,
While ſtorms of vengeance round me fall,
Conſcious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what ſhakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that ſure retreat;
Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waſh thee to a fairer ſeat.
- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is ſeen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne,
Seals endleſs life to all their ſouls.

CV. (C. M.) F—.

Bedford 91. Brighthelmſtone 208.

Perſeverance. Pſalm cxix. 117.

- 1 **L**ORD, haſt thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me ſuch ſupplies of grace,
That I may perfevere.

2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
'Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me thro' life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

CVI. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

Perseverance desired.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood :
By ties both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate :
And yet so mighty are my foes
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest LORD,
Grace in the needful hour afford :
O keep this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears :
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

CVII. 5. 6. TO PLADY.

Horsington 219. Winwick 75.

The Method of Salvation.

- 1 **T**HEE, Father, we bless,
 Whose distinguishing grace
 Selected a people to shew forth thy praise :
 Nor is thy love known
 By election alone ;
 For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.
- 2 The goodness in vain
 We attempt to explain,
 Which found and accepted a ransom for men.
 Great SURETY of thine,
 Thou didst not decline
 To concur with the Father's most gracious design.
- 3 To JESUS our friend,
 Our thanks shall ascend,
 Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end.
 Our ransom he paid !
 In his merit array'd
 We attain to the glory for which we were made.
- 4 Sweet Spirit of grace
 Thy mercy we bless
 For thy eminent share in the council of peace :
 Great agent divine,
 To restore us is thine,
 And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.
- 5 O GOD, 'tis thy part
 To convince and convert ;
 To give a new life, and create a new heart :
 By thy presence and grace
 We're upheld in our race,
 And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

- 6 FATHER, SPIRIT, and SON,
 Agree thus in one,
 The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own;
 Let us too agree
 To glorify THEE
 Thou ineffable ONE, thou adorable THREE!

CVIII. 8. 7. 4.

Lewes 63. Helmsley 223.

Free Salvation. 2 Tim. i. 9.

- 1 JESUS is our great salvation,
 Worthy of our best esteem!
 He has sav'd his favourite nation;
 Join to sing aloud to him:
 He has sav'd us,
 CHRIST alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involv'd in sin and ruin,
 And no helper there was found;
 JESUS our distress was viewing;
 Grace did more than sin abound:
 He has call'd us,
 With salvation in the found.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession,
 Save us from hypocrisy;
 Give us, LORD, the sweet possession
 Of thy righteousness and thee:
 Best of favours!
 None compar'd with this can be.
- 4 Let us never, LORD, forget thee:
 Make us walk as pilgrims here:
 We will give thee all the glory
 Of the love that brought us near.
 Bid us praise thee,
 And rejoice with holy fear.

109, 110 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine :
Saints are kept from final falling.
All the glory, LORD, be thine ;
All the glory,
All the glory, LORD, is thine.

CIX. (C. M.).

Ashley 152. Great Milton 212.

Complete Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION thro' our dying God
Is finish'd and complete ;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.
2 Salvation now shall be my stay,
" A sinner say'd," I'll cry ;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

CX. 11. 8. K----

Câlne 69. Pithay 191.

Distinguishing Grace. Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.
3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt ; [sin,
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too in
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
'Twas " even so, Father," you ever must sing,
" Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
While others were suffer'd to go.
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name;
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

CXI. (S. M.)

Mount Ephraim 185. Price's 1187A

Salvation by Grace from the first to the last.

Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall rebound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes overflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

112 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

CXII. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.
Whybridge 02. Sprague 166.

God glorious and sinners saved, Isaiah xlv. 23.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies,

2 [Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]

3 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their diviner forms;

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,
We love and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 [When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
O, the dear mysteries of his cross,
The triumph of his groans!]

Because it seem'd good in thy sight.

SALVATION.

- 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn IMMANUEL'S name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 8 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CXIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Grove House 143. Hammond 226.

O Lord, say unto my soul, *I am thy Salvation.*

Psalm xxxv. 3.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious sound,
To wretched dying men;
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye,
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

114, 115 SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

CXIV. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Paul's 246. Ulverston 149.

God reasoning with Men. Isaiah i. 18.

- 1 "COME, sinners," saith the mighty God,
"Heinous as all your crimes have been,
"Lo! I descend from mine abode,
"To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 "No clouds of darkness veil my face,
"No vengeful lightnings flash around:
"I come with terms of life and peace,
"Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound."
- 3 Yes, LORD, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

CXV. 8, 7, 4. Altered by TORLADY.

Helmley 223. Jordan 81.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1,

- 1 "COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

115

True belief, and true repentance,

Every grace that brings us nigh—

Without money,

Come to JESUS CHRIST, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;

Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the *fitness* he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him:

This he gives you:

'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,

Lost and ruin'd by the fall!

If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all:

Not the righteous,

Sinners JESUS came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;

On the ground your Maker lies!

On the bloody tree behold him;

Hear him cry, before he dies,

"It is FINISH'D:"

Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6 Lo, th' incarnate GOD ascended

Pleads the merit of his blood:

Venture on him; venture wholly,

Let no other trust intrude;

None but JESUS

Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah!

Sinners *here* may sing the same.

F 3 63

CXVI. (C. M.) FAWCETT.

Workshop 31. Crowle 3.

Let the Wicked forsake his Way, &c. (Isaiah lvi 7.1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;

'Tis mercy speaks to-day;

He calls you by his sovereign word,

From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,

You live devoid of peace;

A thousand stings within your breast

Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;

Why will you persevere?

Can you in endless torments dwell,

Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways

Of sin and folly go?

In pain you travel all your days

To reap immortal woe!

5 But he that turns to God shall live,

Thro' his abounding grace;

His mercy will the guilt forgive

Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,

Renouncing every sin;

Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,

And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;

He pardons like a God;

He will forgive your numerous faults,

Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS. 117. 118.

CXVII. (L. M.) STEELE.

Kingsbridge 88. Ulverston 1794

Weary Souls invited to Rest. Matt. xii. 28.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promise given;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 **L**ORD, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast;
And guide us to eternal rest.

CXVIII. 148.

Eagle Street 10. Bethesda 112.

Yet there is Room. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

2 No longer now delay,

Nor vain excuses frame;

He bids you come to-day;

Tho' poor, and blind, and lame;

All things are ready, dinner, come,

For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word

His messengers proclaim;

He is a gracious Lord;

And faithful is his name;

Backsliding souls, return and come,

Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,

Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near,

CHRIST calls you from above,

His charming accents hear!

Let whosoever will now come:

In mercy's breast there still is room.

CH. IX.

Hotham 224. Bath Abbey 147.

Compel them to come in. Luke xiv. 23.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties are,

Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!

What a feast dost thou prepare,

And what invitations send!

Now fulfil thy great design,

Who didst first the message bring;

Every heart to thee incline,

Now compel them to come in.

2 Rushing on the downward road,

Sinners no compulsion need;

Glory to forsake, and God,

See they run with rapid speed:

Draw them back by love divine;

With thy grace their spirits win:

Every heart, &c.

3 Thus their willing souls compel,

Thus their happy minds constrain.

From the ways of death and hell,

Home to God, and grace again;

Stretch that conquering arm of thine,

Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin;

Every heart to thee incline,

Now compel them to come in.

CXX. (C. M.) STEELE.

Huddersfield 202. Wiltshire 110.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

1 THE SAVIOUR calls—let every ear

Attend the heavenly sound;

Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,

Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty longing heart,

Here streams of bounty flow;

And life, and health, and bliss impart,

To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise

To ease your every pain:

(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)

Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,

The gracious call obey:

Mercy invites to heavenly joys—

And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts

To thee let sinners fly,

And take the bliss thy love imparts

And drink, and never die.

W

F 5 b 5

121, 122. SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

CXXI. 8, 8, 6, W---

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

Whofoever will, let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E scarlet-colour'd sinners, come;
JESUS, the LORD, invites you home;
O whither can you go?

What! are your crimes of crimson hue?

His promise is for ever true;

He'll wash you white as snow.

- 2 Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent!

Return to JESUS; he'll reveal

His lovely face, and sweetly heal

What you so much lament.

- 3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'Tis I---

He loves you still, but means to try

If faith will bear the test;

The LORD has giv'n the chiefest good,

He shed for you his precious blood;

O trust him for the rest!

- 4 Ye tender souls, draw hither too:

Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,

Who feel the debt you owe;—

Press on, the LORD hath more to give;

By faith upon him daily live,

And you shall find it so.

CXXII. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Green's Hundred 89. Wareham 117.

The first Promise. Gen. iii. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam our head and parent fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.

- 2 Infernal powers rejoyc'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,
Pardon and mercy thro' his Son;
- 3 Serpent accurs'd, thy sentence read;
" Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel;
" The woman's seed shall break thy head,
" Thy malice faintly bruise his heel,
- 4 Thus God declares, and CHRIST descends,
Assumes a mortal form, and dies;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.
- 5 Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes:
His power the Prince of Darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

CXXIII. (L. M.) FAWCETT.

Lebanon 79. Kingston 148

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxii. 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to CHRIST draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy LORD will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

CXXIV. (C. M.)

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Fear not, for I am with thee. Isaiah xli, 10.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble pains?
And in such friendly accents speak
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes?
While such a voice we hear?
Why still unknown and our fears
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all that love thee, gracious LORD,
A heart to love thee would we bear,
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the LORD.

SCRIPTURE PROMISES. 125, 126

CXXV. (C. M.) NEEDHAM.

Maldstone 196. Sprague 166.

My Grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor xii. 9.

1 **K**IND are the words that JESUS speaks

To cheer the drooping faint;

" My grace sufficient is for you,

" The nature's powers may faint.

2 " My grace its glories shall display,

" And make your griefs remove.

" Your weakness shall the triumphs tell

" Of boundless power and love.

3 What tho' my griefs are not remov'd,

Yet why should I despair?

While my kind Saviour's arms support,

I can the burden bear.

4 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,

'Tis good to trust thy name:

Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,

Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace

I all things can perform

And smiling triumph in thy name,

Amid the raging storm.

CXXVI. (C. M.) Dr. DOUGLASS.

New York 32. Devizes 14.

My God shall supply all your need. Phil. iv. 19, 20.

1 **M**Y GOD—how cheerful is the sound!

How pleasant to repeat:

Well may that heart with pleasure sound,

Where God hath fix'd his seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply

From his redundant stores?

What streams of mercy from on high

An arm almighty pours!

257 251 SCRIPTURE PROMISES

3 From CHRIST, the ever-living Spring,
These ample blessings flow;
Prepare, my lips, this name to sing,
Whole heart has lord us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given;
Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heaven.

CXXVII. P. M. AD. D. D. P. R. C. E.
Arlington 7 Hammond 2260

Fear not, if your Father be good, He will give
you the Kingdom

1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Tho' wolves and lions prow around,
His staff is your defence;
Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a Kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His Father's love shall call
To triumph in his fight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring,
For sure supports like these;
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song,
Which breaks this mortal frame.

AN AM SINGING BOOK

SCRIPTURE PROMISES.

128

CXXVIII. 11°. K----

Geard 156. Broughton 172.

Exceeding great and precious Promises. 2 Pet. i. 4.

1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand shall thy strength
"ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd!
"I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
"to stand,
"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
"The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
"For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
"And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
"My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
"The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
"Thy drofs to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
"My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
"And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
"Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath laid her repose,
"I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
"That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
"I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xiii. 5.

CHRIST.

CXXIX. (C. M.) MEDLEY.

Irish 174. Arlington 17.

The Incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

- M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lays,
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
 To hail this auspicious day.
 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And tuning and tun'd the lyre.
 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than Heaven could hold.
 Down thro' the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran,
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
 Wrapt in the silence of the night
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
 The word-rous scene unfold'd.
 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song:
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 The harmonious heavenly throng.

- 7 [O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.]
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
"Good-will and peace are now complete;
"Jes'us was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail to
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

CXXX. 7. I. C. W.

Georgia 192. Hart's 221.

The Song of the Angels.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcile'd."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 [Mild he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth:]
- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head!

CXXXII. 8. 7. 4. ROBINSON,

Lewes 63. Painswick 162.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lip thy name;
LORD of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise: Hal.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought: Hal.
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the LORD who came to die. Hal.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of desert woe;
 All to ransom guilty captives:
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thy own.
 Hallelujah, &c.

CXXXIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE,
 Bath Chapel 26, Jersey 15.

The condescending Grace of Christ. Matt. xx. 28.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and LORD of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name!
 With joy that errand we review
 On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charm'd with the honour to obey
 Their great eternal King;
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laid'st that glory by;
 First in our mortal flesh to serve,
 Then in that flesh to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, LORD, are thine;
 To thee our lives we would devote,
 To thee our death resign.

CXXXIV. (C. M.)

Tiverton 109. Oxford 106.

The Redeemer's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!

Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

CXXXV. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE
Leeds 19. Rowles 73.

Christ's Transfiguration. Matt. xvii. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of Glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join
Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there;
Come death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

CXXXVI. (L.M.) WHITEFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Babylon Streams 23, Green's Hundred 89.

Behold the Man. John xix. 5.

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the man!
The man of grief, condemn'd for you!
The LAMB of GOD, for sinners slain!
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood---
His sacred limbs---expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

137

- 4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd!
- 6 At thy dear gospel, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!
- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

CXXXVII. PS. M. STEELE.

Dresden 178. Paul's 246.

A Dying Saviour.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark!, his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

* See Hymns on Redemption and the Lord's Supper.

- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart;
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
'Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

CXXXVIII. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Canterbury 199. Tunbridge 103.

The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

- 1 **Y**ONDER a-mazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And weltring in his blood.
- 2 Behold, a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amaz'd Contunon, cry
"This is the Son of God!"
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

- 5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, LORD, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

EXXXIX. (L. M.)

Rochford 22. Redemption 243.

*The dying Love of Christ constraining to thankful
Devotion.* [2 Cor. V. 14, 15.]

- 1 SEE, LORD, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne;
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our sovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
Even cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love! that stoop'd to low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe!
Amazing love!—did Jesus die?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
O let his praise each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run!
- 6 He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs,
Resound, resound the Saviour's name;
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

THE RESURRECTION

CXL. 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Resurrection 72. Darwell's 82.

The Resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.
- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To JESU'S tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead;
"He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead
"No more to die."

- 5 All hail, triumphant LORD,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning GOD!
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

CXLI. 7.

Easter Hymn 232. Feversham 220.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the LORD, is risen to-day!
 Sons of men, and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens, — and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king,
 "Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
 Once he dy'd, our souls to save;
 "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
 Following our exalted head;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall;

Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

- 7 Hail the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION--thou.

CXLII. 7.

Hart's 221. Easter Hymn 232.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, thro' them ride;
King of Glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hal.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king!
Where, O death, thy mortal king! Hal.

ASCENSION OF CHRIST. 143, 144

CXLIII. (L. M.)

Bramcoate 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christ's Resurrection a pledge of ours.

- 1 **W**HEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy;
2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!
3 [Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd;
In his release *our ours* we see,
And shout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd!
4 JESUS, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
5 Thy risen LORD, my soul, behold,
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.
6 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

CXLIV. (C. M.) DR. DOBBS.

New York 33. Crowle 3.

Comfort to such who seek a risen Jesus. Matt. xxviii.
5, 6.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the LORD,
Chase all your fears away;

145 THE RESURRECTION AND

- And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where JESUS lay.
- 2 Thus low the LORD of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall every faint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending LORD,
To realms of endless day.

CXLV. (L. M.) WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

Cheshunt New 160. Coombs's 45.

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR LORD is risen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

746

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The LORD that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The LORD of boundless power possess,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

CXLVI. 148th. Dr. DODDRIDGE

Darwell's 82. Swithin's 44.

Jesus seen of Angels. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **O** YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace;
His beauteous face
In Heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the Heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid:
And praise to God
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

GA 76

- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat spoil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wond'rous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep;
'Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in light
The shining conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.
- 7 The warbling notes pursue
And louder anthems raise;

While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise;
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

CXLVII. (L. M.) STEELE.

Portugal 97. Redemption 243.

The exalted Saviour.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
 O may we feel the sacred flame;
 And every heart and every tongue
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name!
- 3 JESUS, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expir'd;
 Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
 How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!
- 4 JESUS, who dy'd that we might live,
 Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;
 O what returns can mortals give,
 For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store;
 Nature and art, with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offerer poor!
- 6 Yet, tho' for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise.
 JESUS, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

CXLVIII. (L.M.) DR. WATTS'S MISCELLANY.

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Christ.

Phil. ii. 8. 9. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tones and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim in unmeasurable love,
JESUS, the LORD of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree; and bleeds, and groans:
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in JESU'S blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

CXLIX. 148th.

Greenwich New 62. Portsmouth New 144

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

- 1** REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2** Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3** His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4** He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 5** Rejoice in glorious hope,
JESUS the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

CL. 104th. X FAWCETT.

Manover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 128.

The Fulness of Christ. John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

- 1 **A** FULNESS resides
In JESUS our head.
And ever abides
To answer our need:
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear;
Our num'rous complaints
His mercy will hear:
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us,
When dangers arise.
- 3 The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress,
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace;
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive;
He has a redundancy
For all that believe.
- 4 Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will JESUS bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us
While JESUS is near.

- 5 When troubles attend,
Or danger of strife,
His love will defend
And guard us thro' life:
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting,
His hand will supply.

CLL. 81.

New Jerusalem 230. Uxbridge 161.

The unsearchable Riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:---
No! this is a myst'ry unknown.

- 2 In him, all the fulness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
Tho' once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs:
Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
Seem'd then with each other to vie;
When sinners he stoop'd to restore,
Poor sinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay:
Poor sinners he lov'd till he dy'd
To wash their pollutions away.

- 4 O sinners, believe and adore,
 This Saviour so rich to redeem!
 No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him;
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
 And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
 Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd;
 Believe, and your peace shall begin.
- 5 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
 "Who so hath an ear let him hear;"
 He promises mercy to all
 Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
 He riches has ever in store,
 And treasures that never can waste;
 Here's pardon, here's grace; yea, and more,
 Here's glory eternal at last.

CLII. (L. M.) STEELE,

Kingsbridge 88. Portugal 97.

The Intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)
 And now before his father, God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts!
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise;
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That J E S U S bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend---
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For J E S U S pleads, and must prevail.

CLIII. (C. M.) TOPLADY.

Newbury 132. Charleston 195.

Christ's Intercession prevalent. John xvii. 24.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to G O D by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim:
" Father, I will that all my saints
" Be with me where I am:
- 5 " By their salvation, recompense
" The sorrows I endur'd;
" Just to the merits of thy Son,
" And faithful to thy word."

- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
 To every faint is given:
 Safety below, and, after death,
 The plenitude of heaven.
- 7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails,
 The Father smiles on thee;
 And now thou in thy kingdom art,
 Dear LORD, remember me.
- 8 Let the much incense of thy prayer
 In my behalf ascend;
 And, as its virtue, so my praise
 Shall never never end.]

CLIV. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Michael's 119. Elim 151.

Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate.
 Exodus xxviii. 29.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great high-priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Tho' rais'd to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crown'd;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
 Deep graven on his heart;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns
 Are moulder'd down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast

May thy dear name be worn,

A sacred ornament and guard,

To endless ages borne!

CLV. (C. M.) DR DODDRIDGE.

Bedford 911 Ann's 58

*Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials,
and intercession for him. Luke xxii. 31, 32.*

1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice is!

How artful, and how great!

Tho' not one grain shall be destroy'd,

Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But **G**OD can all his power control,

And gather in his chain;

And, where he seems to triumph most,

The captive soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong,

Still watchful for his sheep;

Nor shall the infernal lion rend

Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest **J**ESUS, intercede for us,

That we may fall no more;

O raise us when we prostrate lie

And comfort lost restore.

5 Thy secret energy impart,

That faith may never fail;

But, 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,

That temper'd shield prevail.

6 Secur'd ourselves by grace divine,

We'll guard our brethren too;

And, taught their frailty by our own,

Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS, AND REPRESENTATIONS OF
CHRIST*.

CLVI. (L. M.)

Mark's 65. Ulverston 179.

Advocate. 1 John II. 1.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, **LORD**, the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious **LORD**,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My **FATHER, GOD**, with joy divine.

* These characters of Christ follow one another alphabetically. Others, which it was necessary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 157, 158

CLVII. (L. M.)

Lebanon 79. Lewton 30.

Brazen Serpent. Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent strait the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.
- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a power that makes them whole.
- 3 But, O, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's Cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give.
- 4 Still, may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!
- 5 **JESUS** the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim:
By thy atonement set me free,
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

CLVIII. (L. M.) FAWCETT.

Islington 40. New Sabbath 122.

Bread of Life. John vi. 35, 48.

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread;
They chuse the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 **JESUS**, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed:
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

- 3 Without this bread I starve and die;
No other can my need supply:
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door,
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives,
What strength what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

CLIX. (L. M.) FAWCETT;

Leeds 19. Madan's 107.

*Bridegroom and Husband; or, the Marriage be-
tween Christ and the Soul.*

- 1 JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save;
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove
'Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST

169

- 5 Loft in astonishment, I see,
JESUS, thy boundless love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.
- 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O keep me, Saviour, near thy side;
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my LORD depart.

CLX. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Kimbolton 251. Chard 175.

Bright and morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint, and few, compar'd with his.
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
(JESUS, the spring of light and love;) 4
See how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad, 2
Point out the puzzled Christian's way;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 [Thus when the Eastern Magi brought 6
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the babe they sought
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heavenly place, 7
Where this bright star will brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine? 83

CLXI. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Bath Chapel 26. Evans's 190s.

*Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies of
Christ.* Cant. v. 10--16.

- 1 **T**O CHRIST, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness fits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He fled to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.]
- 7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.]

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 162, 163

- 8 To heaven, the place of his abode;
He brings my weary feet;
Shews me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
LORD, they should all be thine.

CLXII. 8. 7. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

Welsh 210. Trowbridge 21.

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii. 25.

- 1 COME, thou long expected JESUS,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CLXIII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Wareham 117. Wells 102.

Corner-Stone. 1 Peter ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 LORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

- 2 We own the work of sovereign love,
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have try'd,
And all the powers of hell defy'd;
Floods of temptation beat in vain:
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide.

- 5 While they that scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

CLXIV. (C. M.)

New York 33. Stillman 66.

Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread
Thro' all IMMANUEL'S ground.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 165, 166

- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

CLXV. (C. M.) DR. DODDIDGE.

Stamford 9. Huddersfield 202.

The Door. John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and bless his name;
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For JESUS is the door:
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling thro' one beautiful gate
To one eternal home!

CLXVI. (L. M.) STEELE.

Portugal 97. New-Sabbath 122.

Our Example. John xiii. 15.

- 1 **A**ND is the Gospel peace and love;
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

167. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To JESUS let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life, divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 But, ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
LORD, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

CLXVII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bramcoate 8. Antigua 120.

Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope.

Heb. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 JESUS, the LORD, our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.

His race for ever is complete;
 For ever undisturb'd his seat;
 Myriads of angels round him fly,
 And sing his well-gain'd victory.
 Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,
 He joys not for himself alone!
 His meanest servants share their part,
 Share in that royal tender heart.
 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd fight,
 With sacred wonder and delight;
 JESUS, thy own Forerunner, see
 Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
 And foaming waves to mountains swell,
 No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
 Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

CLXVIII. HART.

Stockwell 140. Hanover 130.

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zech. xiii. 1.

THE fountain of CHRIST;
 LORD, help us to sing,
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucify'd King;
 The fountain that cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health.
 This fountain so dear
 He'll freely impart;
 When pierc'd by the spear,
 It flow'd from his heart,
 With blood and with water;
 The first to atone, H 2 186

To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its power may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain unequal
Stands open for all
Who long to be healed,
The great and the small
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear,
The poorer the wretches
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome, and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd
The fountain flows freely
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely
Tho' lep'rous as mine.

CLXIX. (C. M.) COWPER.

Tunbridge 103. Evans's 190.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's veins;

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood;
Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;

O may I there, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be 'till I die.

5 But when this lissping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

CLXX. (L. M.) NEWTON.

Kingsbridge 88. Magdalen 214.

1 **P**OOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;

JESUS, the saviour, is his name,
He freely loves; and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his choicest fold.

171 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
O! what a friend is CHRIST to me!

Is this thy Kindness to thy Friend. 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

- 4 But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my friend can say.
- 6 [He bids me always freely come,
And promises what'er I ask:
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.]
- 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

CLXXI. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Gift of God. John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 JESUS my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen;
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd;
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

CLXXII. (C. M.) DR. DODD BRIDGE.

Oxford 177. Newbury 132.

Head of the Church. Ephesians iv. 15, 16.

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common LORD.

- 4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot.
Its beauteous form disgrace.

CLXXIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Liverpool 83. Irish 171.

Jesus---precious to them that believe. 1 Pet. ii, 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST? 174 175

CLXXIV
Turin 244. Feverham 220.
Immanuel. Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 **G**OD *with us!* O glorious name!
Let its faint in endless fame!

God and man in Christ unite,
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God *with us!* amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God *with us!* but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 [God *with us!* O blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 God *with us!* O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
(That we may IMMANUEL sing,
As we ought, our God and King.)

CLXXV, (C. M.) STEELE.
Charleston 195. Milbourn Port 183.
King of Saints.

1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,

The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And hold before his throne

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;

And tell the wondering nations round,

How bright those glories shine. H 5 89

- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our king,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
LORD, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

CLXXVII (CMI) W.A.

Miles's Lane 32. Condescension 116.

Crown him.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal:
O crown him LORD of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him LORD of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall:
He understands the spirit's groan;
O crown him LORD of all.

How bright those glories shine.

- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
 Altho' your faith be small:
 His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
 O crown him LORD of all.

CLXXVII. (C. M.)

Miles's Lane 32. Foster 96.

The spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

- 1 **A**LL-hail the power of JESU's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him LORD of all.

MARTYRS.

- 2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him LORD of all.]

CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small!
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him LORD of all.]

BELIEVING GENTILES.

- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him LORD of all.

SYNNERS OF EVERY AGE.

- 5 [Babes, men, and fires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now joy with all the hosts above,
 And crown him LORD of all.]

178 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

SINNERS OF EVERY NATION.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe

On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him LORD of all.

OURSELVES.

7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,

We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him LORD of all.

CLXXXVIII. 12th. C. WESLEY.

Uffculm 93. Hoxton 121.

Kinsman. Ruth iii. 2---9.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,

Our Kinsman near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,

The Son of Mary, the Son of God;

And lo, we lay us at thy feet,

Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my flesh below,

To thee, O JESUS, I apply;

Thou wilt thy poor relations know,

Thou never canst thyself deny,

Exclude me from thy guardian care,

Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,

I trust my faithful friend to prove;

Now o'er thy meanest servant spread

The skirt of thy redeeming love:

Under thy wings of mercy take,

And save me for thy merit's sake.

- 4 HAST thou not undertook my cause,
 LORD over all, to worms allied?
 Answer me from that bleeding cross,
 Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride;
 And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
 Thine, wholly thine, for ever be!

CLXXIX. (L. M.)

Babylon Streams 23. Kingbridge 88.

Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-aton-ing Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
 He meekly bore the mighty load;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid,
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
 To him lift up your longing eyes,
 And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace thro' him abound;
 He can the richest blessings give;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 **J**ESUS, my LORD, I look to thee;
 Where else can helpless sinners go?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and woe.

CLXXX. (S. M.) J. C. W.

New Eagle Street 55. Enfield 5.

Leader.

1 **T**HOU very paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
 Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of Gospel-grace!
 Fulfil thy character;
 To guard and feed the chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert-way
 Conduct us by thy light;
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

CLXXXI. (L. M.) STEELE.

Virginia 234.

Rippon's 188.

Life of the Soul. John xiv. 19.

1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires;
 JESUS, to thee I lift mine eyes
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word;
 That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immovable the promise stands;
Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If JESUS is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

CLXXXII. 8. 7.

Carlisle 95. Welsh 210.

Light. Isaiah ix. 2.

1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, and bring thy Gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

CLXXXIII. 7. W. 11.

Scotland 191. Stoezel 184. Alcester 213.
Melchizedek a Type of Christ. Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

- 1 KING of Salem, blest my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease!
- 2 Come! refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which can not be told.
- 3 Hail Melchizedek dining!
Thou great High-Priest, shalt be mine;
All my powers, before thee fall,
Take not thy due, but take them all!

CLXXXIV. (C. M.)

New York 33. Providence College 10.
Messenger of the Covenant. Mat. iii. 1.

- 1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shews from whence the springs of love,
In endless currents flow.
- 2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see;
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn:
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And, of a traitor born:
- 4 To me, who never fought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word;
Who never knew, or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhor'd:

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 185

- 5 To me, who could not even praise,
When his kind heart I knew;
But fought a thousand devious ways,
Rather than keep the true:
- 6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
So vile a worm to bless;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.
- 7 O that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!

CLXXXV. (L. M.) NEEDHAM.

New Sabbath 122. Mark's 65.

Messiah. Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 **G** LORY to God who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live;
And God be glorious to forgive!
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expired,
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

186 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone:
It wanted not thy glittering store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In JESUS, that most wond'rous child:
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.
- 7 JESUS, thy gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands:
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

CLXXXVI. 7. 6. 8. C. WESLEY.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court III.

Passover. Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

- 1 **C**HRIST our passover is slain,
To set his people free,
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny,
LORD, that we may now depart,
And truly serve our pardoning God:
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.
- 2 Let the angel of the LORD,
His awful charge fulfil,
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

- 3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel shew?
Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?
See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

CLXXXVII. (C. M.) STEELE.

Stillman 66. *Condescension* 116. *Pearl of great Price* Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!
3 **J**ESUS, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
JESUS; in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart.
And be for ever bless'd.

- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires;
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires;
And bid me call thee mine,

CLXXXVII. (L. M.) STEELE.

Ulverston 179, Portugal 97.

Physician of Souls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred blood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.
- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart;
For here a sovereign cure is found.
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

CLXXXIX. (G. M.)

Great Milton 212. Hudlow 84.

Physician ; or, the Miracles of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day
 As yesterday the same,
 Present to heal, in me display
 The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do
 Thy needy creatures good ;
 On me, that I thy praise may shew,
 Be all thy wonders shew'd.
- LEPER.
- 3 Now, LORD, to whom for help I call,
 Thy miracles repeat ;
 With pitying eye behold me fall,
 A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self abhorr'd,
 I sink beneath my sin ;
 But if thou wilt, a gracious word
 Of thine can make me clean.
- DEAF AND DUMB.
- 5 Thou see'st me deaf to thy commands,
 Open, O LORD, mine ear ;
 Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
 And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long)
 My voice I cannot raise ;
 But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.

(M. LAME. XXXIX)

7 Lamé at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

8 Now speak my mind, my conscience sound,
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as an hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
O! let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 See, I am waiting in the way,
For thee the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

POSSESSED.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt relieve my soul;
LORD, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

CXC. 148th. CENNICK.

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16.

High Priest.

- 1 **A** GOOD High-priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by JESUS' name.
- 2 My LORD a priest is made,
As fware the mighty GOD,
To Israel and his seed,
Ordain'd to offer blood;
For sinners who his mercy seek,
A priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once temptations knew,
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour shew
To every tempted mind:
In every point, the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies, but lives again,
And by the altar stands:
There shews how he was slain,
Op'ning his pierced hands:
Our priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of us, who have transgress'd his laws,
- 5 I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

CXCI. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Leeds 19. Langdon 217.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 ' **M**ONG all the priests of Jewish race,
JESUS the most illustrious stands:
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
Could claim such high descent as he;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.
- 3 Descended from th' eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son;
And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.
- 4 The mitred crown, the embroider'd vest,
With graceful dignity he wears;
And in full splendour on his breast
The sacred oracle appears.
- 5 So he presents his sacrifice,
An offering most divinely sweet;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy seat.
- 6 The Father with approving smile
Accepts the offering of his Son:
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast:
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To CHRIST, thy advocate and priest.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST: 192, 193

CXCII. 113th. PRESIDENT DAVIES...

Carey's 11. New Haven 248.

Prophet, Priest, and King. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name!

The great Jehovah's darling, thou!

O let me catch the immortal flame

With which angelic bosoms glow!

Since angels love thee, I would love,

And imitate the bless'd above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,

Thy sweet instructions I will hear;

The words, that from thy lips proceed,

O how divinely sweet they are!

Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,

And imitate the bless'd above.

3 My great *High-Priest*, whose precious blood

Did once atone upon the cross;

Who now dost intercede with God,

And plead the friendless sinners' cause;

In thee I trust; thee I would love,

And imitate the bless'd above.

4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,

A willing subject at thy feet;

All other lords I disavow,

And to thy government submit:

My *Saviour King*, this heart would love,

And imitate the bless'd above.

CXCIII. (L. M.)

Redemption 243. Well's Row 98.

The Ransom. Isaiah lxi. 2.

1 **"I** Come," the great Redeemer cries,

"A year of freedom to declare,

"From debts and bondage to discharge;

"And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share:

194. **CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.**

- 2 "A day of vengeance I proclaim,
 "But not on man the storm shall fall,
 "On me its thunders shall descend,
 "My strength, my love sustain them all."

- 3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
 JESUS has dy'd that we might live;
 Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
 Could so divine a ransom give.

- 4 To him who lov'd our ruin'd race,
 And for our lives laid down his own,
 Let songs of joyful praises rise,
 Sublime, eternal as his throne.

CXCIV. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Oxford 177. Sprague 166.

Our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
 And in that name we trust;
 Thou art the LORD our Righteousness,
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.

- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,
 'Till JESUS stretch his gracious arm
 To bring the guilty high.

- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
 Might plunge us in despair;
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years
 Shall our great surety clear.

- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
 Shall deck us all around;
 Nor by the piercing eye of God
 One blemish shall be found.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST: 195

- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

CXCV. 7. TO PLADY.

Deptford 124. Firth's 146.

Rock smitten; or, the Rock of Ages. Isa. xxvii. 4.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee,

126, 197 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

CXCVI. (L. M.) STEELE.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Saviour the only One. Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,
JESUS, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love.)
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

CXCVII. (S. M.) STEELE.

Finsbury 155. Mansfield 154.

Shepherd. Psalm xxiii. 1—3.

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
JESUS, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

CXCVIII. 104th.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Hanover 130.

Strong-hold. Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E prisoners of hope
O'erwhelmed with grief,
To JESUS look up
For certain relief:
There's no condemnation
In JESUS the LORD,
But strong consolation
His grace doth afford.
- 2 Should justice appear
A merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And soon shall you know,
- 9 13

- That sinners, confessing
 Their wickedness past,
 A plentiful blessing
 Of pardon shall taste.
- 3 Then dry up your tears,
 Ye children of grief,
 For JESUS appears
 To give you relief;
 If you are returning
 To JESUS, your friend,
 Your sighing and mourning
 In singing shall end.
- 4 "None will I cast out
 "Who come," saith the LORD,
 Why then do you doubt?
 Lay hold of his word:
 Ye mourners of Sion,
 Be bold to believe,
 For ever rely on
 Your Saviour, and live.

CXCIX. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

New Sabbath 122. Martin's Lane 67.

Sun. Psalm lxxxiv. II.

- 1 GREAT God, amid the darksome night,
 Thy glories dart upon my sight,
 While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
 The silver moon and stars of gold.
- 2 But when I see the sun arise,
 And pour his glories o'er the skies,
 In more stupendous forms I view
 Thy greatness and thy goodness too.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 209

- 2 Thou Sun of Sun, whose dazzling light,
Tries and confounds an angel's sight,
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity?
- 4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadow of thy face,
As, in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun
In every work thy hands have made
Thy power and wisdom are display'd:
But, O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour shine!
- 6 He is my Sun; beneath his wings,
My soul securely fits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 7 O may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigor as the sun!

CC. (C. M.) TOPLADY

New York 33. *Condescension* 116,
Vine and the Branches, John xv. 1-5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigor from thy root.

100 I 4
"Come hither, for I am the way."

201 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop,
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear,
The feeblest branch of thine.

CCI. (L. M.) CENNICK.

Leeds 19. Lewton 39.

Way to Canaan.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbld but the more,
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb!
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;
 My sinful self to thee I give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

CCII. 8. 8. 6.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 59.

Way, Truth, and Life, John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
 Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
 But CHRIST, th' appointed road;
 O may we tread the sacred way,
 By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
 Till we sit down with God!
- 2 The types and shadows of the word
 Unite in CHRIST, the man, the LORD,
 The Saviour just and true;
 O may we all his word believe,
 And all his promises receive,
 And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,
 And LIFE to dying sinners gives,
 Eternal and divine;
 O may his Spirit in me dwell!
 Then, sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
 Eternal life is mine.

CCIII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bramcote 8. Langdon 217.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption,
1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

- 1 **M**Y God, assist me, while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise;
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In CHRIST I view a store divine;
My Father, all that store is thine;
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd;
Hail to the Saviour and the God!
- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
"Let there be light," th' Almighty said;
And CHRIST, my sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful justice ask'd my blood;
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,
And ~~his~~ his Grace hath made me clean!
He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.
- 6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue;
Ye angels, warble back my song;
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

CCIV. (C. M.) TOPLADY.

Bedford, 91. Brighthelmston 208.

All in All.

- 1 **C**OMPAR'D with CHRIST, in all beside
No comeliness I see;

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 203

- The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
My ALL IN ALL, I pray.
- 3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than Thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of thee 'ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er conflicts not with thy love,
O teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.
- CCV. 8. K. The blood
New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.

*All in All; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the
Soul of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.*

- 1 **T**HE Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to JESUS's right hand:
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books does outshine,
But JESUS, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.
- 2 In every prophetic book,
Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold, as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd; L 6

His glories project to the eye,
 And prove it was not his design,
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.

- 3 The *first gracious promise* to man
 A blessed prediction appears,
 His work is the soul of the plan;
 And gives it the glory it wears.
 How cheering the truth must have been,
 That JESUS, the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead!

- 4 The *ancient Levitical law*
 Was prophecy after its kind;
 In types there, the faithful foresaw
 The Saviour that ransom'd mankind,
 The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
 The blood that was sprinkled of old,
 Had life, when the people could taste
 The blessings those shadows foretold.

- 5 Review each prophetic song
 Which shines in prediction's rich train,
 The sweetness to JESUS belong,
 And point out his sufferings and reign:
 Sure David his harp never strung,
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Saviour he sang,
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.

- 6 May JESUS more precious become---
 His word be a lamp to our feet,
 While we in this wilderness roam,
 'Till brought in his presence to meet!
 Then, then we will gaze on thy face,
 Our prophet, our priest, and our king;
 Recount all thy wonders of grace,
 Thy praises eternally sing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

CCVI. 112th.

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121.

The Comforter. John xiv. 16---18.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we hang upon the word
Our longing souls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promise, LORD,
Thy promise made to such as me;
To such as Zion's paths pursue,
And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou say'st, "I will the Father pray,
" And he the Comforter shall give,
" Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
" And never more his temples leave;
" Myself will to my orphans come,
" And make you mine eternal home."
- 3 Come then, dear LORD, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace:
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.
- 4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint:
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint,
Repeat the melancholy moan,
" Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!"

THE INFLUENCES OF

5 Hasten him, LORD, into each heart.

Our sure inseparable guide:

O may we meet and never part!

O may he in our hearts abide!

And keep his house of praise and prayer,

And rest and reign for ever there!

CCVII. (L. M.) B-----

Ayliffe Street 241. Ulverston 179.

The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!

O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,

And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,

That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to CHRIST, the living way,

Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to Heaven, the seat of bliss,

Where pleasure in perfection is.

CCVIII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Magdalene 214. Rowles 73.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.

John iv. 10.

- 1 **B**LESS'D JESUS, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller thro' desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent, near my side,
Thro' all the desert gently glide;
Then, in IMMANUEL's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

CCIX. (L. M.)

Kimbolton 251. Martin's Lane 67.

Divine Influences compared to Rain. Psalm lxxii. 6.

- 1 **A**S showers on meadows newly mown,
JESUS shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace,
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

- 4 As in soft silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
'Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

CCX. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Wareham 117. Fawcett 184.

Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit.

Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
Softest to flint the flinty stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To see that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

CCXL. 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Hoxton 121. Francis 200.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come!
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:
Come, *vivifying* Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home!
- 3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the flame we should expire:
Our breasts expand to make thee room:
Come, *purifying* Spirit, come!
- 4 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

CCXII. (L. M.) TOPLADY.

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

A propitious Gale longed for!

1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "SWEET SPIRIT, come!
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way!"

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below;
"But I can only spread my sail;
"THOU, THOU must breathe th'auspicious gale!"

CCXIII. (L. M.) STURGEON.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced.

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 **D**EAR LORD, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling, glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
LORD, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice?
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;

- Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 What less than thy Almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my LORD,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 7 And when my cheerful hope can say,
“ I love my God, and taste his grace,”
LORD, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

CCXIV. 8.

Uxbridge 161. New Jerusalem 230.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkneſs.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit, the dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest:
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolv'd, by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

- 3 If when I have put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy goodness hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
 O Spirit of pity and grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore,
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to grieve thee no more.
- 4 If now I lament after God,
 And pant for a drop of his love,
 If JESUS, who poured out his blood,
 Obtain'd me a mansion above;
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
 Sweet witness of mercy divine!
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

CCXV. (L. M.) BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

Bredby 165, 2 Horley 205.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart. Pſi li. i. 1.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High-Priest;
 Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.

- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O LORD, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

CCXVI. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

New York 33. Sprague 166.

*Divine Drawings celebrated; or, Gratitude the
Spring of true Religion, Hosea xi. 4.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, what filken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort thro' all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move
'Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

217, 218 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT*.

CCXVII. (S. M.) BEDDOME.

Gosport 53. Enfield 5.

Faith its Author and Preciousness, Eph. ii. 8.

1 **F**AITH!---'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 **J**ESUS it owns a King,
An all-atoning priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in CHRIST.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
LORD, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

CCXVIII. (C. M.) D. TURNER.

Abingdon 42. Condescension 116.

The Power of Faith.

1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares:
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 5 Shews me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest
'Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

CCXIX. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Rochford 22. Rothwell 174.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief, Mark ix. 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our souls delightful choice,
In thee, believing we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

CCXX.

8.

Lambeth 57. Uxbridge 161.

Faith Fainting.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, LORD, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to JESUS for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The LORD has forsaken thee quite;
"Thy GOD will be gracious no more."

FAITH.

221

- 4 Yet, LORD, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue, thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
Come succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

CCXXI. 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59.

Faith Reviewing.

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?

Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, LORD, was charg'd on thee?

- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,

And to the utmost farthing paid

Whate'er thy people ow'd;

How then can wrath on me take place,

If shelter'd in thy righteousness,

And sprinkled with thy blood?

- 3 [If thou hast my discharge procur'd,

And freely in my room endur'd

The whole of wrath divine;

Payment GOD cannot twice demand—

First at my bleeding Surety's hand,

And then again at mine.]

- 4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest,

The merits of thy great high-priest

Speak peace and liberty;

Trust in his efficacious blood;

Nor fear thy banishment from GOD;

Since JESUS dy'd for thee.

CCXXII. 8^s.

New Jerusalem 230. Lambeth 57.

Faith Conquering.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full thro' his blood:
Tho' thousands, and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he, thro' CHRIST can oppose,
Led forth by the spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is;
A principle, active and young,
That lives under pressure and load;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair;
And O, let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer,---
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

CCXXIII. 8th. TO PLADY. T

New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49.

Faith Triumphant.

1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is *Yea* and *Amen*,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;

Impress'd on his heart it remains,

In marks of indelible grace:

Yes, to the end shall endure,

As sure as the earnest is given;

More happy, but not more secure,

The glorify'd spirits in heaven.

: never to be CCXXIV. (S. M.

Mount Ephraim 89. Salem New 99.

Weak Believers encouraged.

1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of CHRIST our LORD
Bid every string awake.

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 The' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above.
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the sparks divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, *For me*
- 5 Tarry his leisure then;
Wait, the appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

CCXXV. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Kingsbridge 88. Magdalene 214.

Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16.

Heb. xi. 39. More happy

- 1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to CHRIST, and saves the soul.

- 3 LORD, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the LORD,
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

CCXXVI. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bedford 91. Brighthelmston 208.

Being in the Fear of God all the Day long.

Proverbs xxiii. 17. cc.

- 1 **T**HREE happy souls who come from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Reign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

CCXXVII. (C. M.) **N**EAR HAMM

Stamford 9. Hammond 226. Bath Chapel 26.

Fear of God. Proverbs. xiv. 26.

- 1 **H**APPY beyond description he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

FORTITUDE---GRAVITY. 228, 229

CCXXVIII, (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS,

Michael's 119. Follett 181.

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, LORD!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy faints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

CCXXIX. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Chard 175. Ayliffe-Street 241.

Gravity and Decency,

- 1 **B** EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest!
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 4 LORD, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

CCXXX: (L. M.)

Kingsbridge 88. Virginia 234.

Hope set before us.

- 1 **A**ND be it so—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do? shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place,
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 LORD, we believe! O chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief;
LORD, we repent! O let the ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above,
With all the joys of hope divine.

CCXXXI (L. M.)
Chard 175. New Court 173.

Hope in Darkneſs.

1 O GOD, my ſun, thy bliſſful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart
How dark, how mournful are my days
If thy enlivening beam depart!

2 Scarce thro' the ſhades a glimpe of day
Appears to theſe deſiring eyes!
But ſhall my drooping ſpirits ſay,
The cheerful morn will never riſe?

3 O let me not be ſwerving mourn,
Tho' gloomy darkneſs ſpreads the ſky;
My glorious ſun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day
When hope ſhall in fruition ſide;
So taper off the feeble ray,
Beneath the ſun's refulgent eye.

COXXXII. 018, 806.
 Baltimore 167, Broadmead 150.
Hoping and Langing. Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 25.

- 1 **C**OME, LORD, and help us to rejoice
 In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
 Shall one day see our God;
 Shall cease from all our painful strife,
 Handle and taste the word of life,
 And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 Let us not always make our moan,
 Nor worship thee, a God unknown;
 But let us live to prove
 Thy people's rest, thy saints delight,
 The length and breadth, the depth and height,
 Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 We stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below;
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow.
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest;
 There dwells the Lord, our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace
 And everlasting rest.
- 5 O when shall we at once go up,
 Nor this side Jordan longer stop;
 But the good land possess;
 When shall we end our lingering years,
 Our sorrows, sins, and doubts and fears,
 An howling wilderness.

- 6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
 Display thy grace; forgive our sin,
 Our unbelief remove;
 The heavenly Canaan, LORD, divide;
 And, O, with all the sanctify'd,
 Give us a lot of love!

CCXXXIII. (L. M.) STEELE.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.

I Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
 And I not safe, if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand:
 That gracious hand, on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline:
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed;
 Then I have all my heart can crave;
 A present help in times of need;
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD,
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine---and I am blest.

K 6 114

CCXXXIV. (L. M.) STEELE.

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

Happy Poverty: or, the Poor in Spirit blessed.

Matthew v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are *theirs*, a Kingdom *yours*!
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undecaying pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend that dy'd for you;
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.
- 7 **J**ESUS, to thee I breathe my prayer!
Reveal, confirm my interest there:
Whatever my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know!

- 8 O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

CCXXXV. (C. M.)

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Humble Pleadings for Mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 [On us, the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink, with all this weight oppress'd
Sink down to death and hell;
O, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.]
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 O, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

236, 237 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

CCXXXVI. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Ulverston 179. Rippon's 188. Babylon Streams 23.

The humble Publican. Luke xviii. 13.

1 **L**ORD, with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look---to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart:
O help me soon, or else I die.

2 Here, on my soul, a burden lies
No human power can it remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise:
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

3 Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

CCXXXVII. 7^s. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

Alcester 213. Cookham 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility,

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

JOY AND REJOICING. 238, 239

CCXXXVIII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Old Hundred 100. Chard 175.

Rejoicing in God. Jer. ix. 23, 24.

1 **T**HE righteous LORD, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides;
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong, your valour trust;
No more, ye rich, survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore;

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,
That GOD, your GOD, to you is known;
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find
In one Jehovah all combin'd;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom GOD, the blessed, deigns to love?

CCXXXIX. (S. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Salem New 99. Mansfield 154.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

1 **N**OW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

220 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking-gins to entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle thro' the skies.

All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day.

CCXL. 71. CENNLICKI

In Bath Abbey 1747. Hart's track

Rejoicing in Hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the Father's trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd soul, be glad;
CHRIST our God is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

JOY AND REJOICING.

241

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on JESU'S throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's son,
Bids you undimay'd go on.
- 6 LORD! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

CCXLI. (L. M.) COWPER.

Rochford 22. Mark's 65.

Return of Joy.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn),
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth and easy to repeat
But, when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

- 5 But, O my LORD, one look from thee,
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

CCXLII. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

New Sabbath 122. Portugal 97.

Justice and Equity. Matt. vii. 12

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worse
"Than we would have them deal with us!"
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;
We draw it from our inmost veins
Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause: (What I see I love)
Let our own fondest passion shew
How we should treat our neighbour too.
- 5 How blest'd would every nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

- 6 JESUS, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Those savage passions, for our guide.

CCXLIII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Chard 175. Truro 105.

God shining in the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 PRAISE to the LORD of boundless might!
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above,
Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.
- 3 "Let there be light," JEHOVAH said,
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty GOD! with vigor shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the LORD, who gives me light.

CCXLIV. (L. M.)

Kingsbridge 88. Lewton 30.

One thing I know. John ix, 25. Isaiah liv, 13.1 **D**EAR Saviour, make me wile to see

My sin, and guilt, and remedy;

'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought;

"They shall of Israel's God be taught."

2 Their plague of heart thy people know;

They know thy name, and trust thee too;

They know the Gospel's blissful sound,

The paths where endless joys abound,

3 They know the Father and the Son;

Theirs is eternal life begun;

Unto salvation they are wile,

Their grace shall into glory rise.

4 But—ignorance itself am I,

Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie,

O LORD, to thee I humbly own

I *nothing* know as should be known.

5 I scarce know God, or CHRIST, or sin,

My foes without, or plague within;

Know not my interest, LORD, in thee,

In pardon, peace, or liberty.

6 But help me to declare to-day,

If *many* things I can not say;

"One thing I know," all praise to thee,

"Tho' blind I was—yet now I see."

CCXLV. (C. M.)

Bedford 61. Charnmouth 28.

Knowledge an imperfect interpretation of God. 1 Cor. xiii, 12.1 **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea;

Thy paths I cannot trace;

Nor comprehend the mystery

Of thy unbounded grace.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy;
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why?
- 4 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the light;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

CCXLVI (L. M.)

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97

*Liberality's or, the Duty and Pleasures of
Benevolence*

- 1 **O** WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
Thro' all your lives let mercy run.

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth,
To useful happy life, his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,
Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

CCXLVII. (L. M.) D. TURNER.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name!
Thy praises, thro' thy high abode,
The heav'nly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son,
For man to suffer, bleed, and die;
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him, thy reconciled face
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy powerful wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

- 4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
LORD, fix it there to stray no more!

CCXLVIII. (C. M.) DR. RYLAND.

New York 33. Condescension 116.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all-created streams are dry'd,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfy'd,
And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He, that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While CHRIST is rich, can I be poor,
Who am his much-lov'd bride!

- 7 O LORD, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

CCXLIX. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.
Martin's Lane 67. Langdon 217.

Love to CHRIST present or absent.

- 1 O F all the joys we mortals know,
JESUS, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the best.

- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

- 3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove;
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

- 5 JESUS, our GOD, yet rather come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see our LORD at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

CCLVII. NEWTON.

Cookham 36. Alcester 213.

Lovest thou me, John xxi. 16.

- 1 'T IS a point I long to know,
Of it causes anxious thought—

Do I love the LORD, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the LORD?]
- 8 LORD, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

CCLI. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

Desiring to love Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, let me love; or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend
And stoop to embrace me from the skies!
- 2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look
Should seek and with a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
JESUS the GOD, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring GOD?
- 6 Again he lives and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
"By these dear wounds," says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.
- 7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
LORD! melt this flinty heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love!

CCLII. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT. H.

Sprague 166. Brightelmstone 208.

Profession of Love to Christ.

1 **A**ND have I, CHRIST, no love to thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure CHRIST deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, LORD, I should prove,
Had I no love to thee!
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

CCLIII. 8°. B. FRANCIS.

New Jerusalem 230. Lock 49. Uxbridge 161.

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

- 2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell;
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light;
With saints, and with seraphs to sing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My JESUS, my Saviour, my king.
- 3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Thro' realms of ineffable day!
- 4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud;
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing croud;
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.
- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;

LOVE TO THE BRETHREN. 254

Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

CCLIV. (S. M.) FAWCETT.

Vermont 134. Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro' all eternity.

255, 256 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

CCLV. (S. M.) BE DO ME OY
Eagle Street New 55. Enfield 5. And
Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in CHAIST their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same LORD obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

CCLVI. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.
New Court 173. Antigua 120.

*The Heart purified to unfeigned Love of the Brethren
by the Spirit.* 1 Peter i. 22.

1 **G**REAT Spirit of immortal love,
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Savior's name.

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure:
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celestial dove, descend and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

257, 258

CCLVII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Ludlow 84. Charmouth 28.

Love to our Neighbour; or, the good Samaritan.

Luke x. 29—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others joy,
And weep for others woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So JESUS look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And, 'midst the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise:
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

CCLVIII. (C. M.)

Workshop 31. Ann's 58.

Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ.

Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

- 1 **A**LOUD we sing the wond'rous grace,
CHRIST to his murderers bare;
Which made the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,

LT 124

And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

- 3 JESUS, this wond'rous love we sing,
And whilst we sing admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love their hatred, and their curse
With blessings, we repay.

CCLIX. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Providence College 10. New York 33.

All Attainments vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii, 1---3.

- 1 **S**HOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God, I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace;
My loudest words, my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

- 4 Tho' thou should'st give me heavenly skill,
Each mystery to explain;
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove;
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

- 6 [What tho' to gratify my pride,
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor;
- 7 What tho' my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame!
- 8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Tho' all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God;
- 9 O grant me then this one request,
And I'll be satisfy'd,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

CCLX. (S. M.) DR. DOBDRIDGE.

Mansfield 154 Mount Ephraim 185.

The Meek beautified with Salvation. Psal cxlix.

- 1 YE humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing
Wake all your harmony of voice,
For Jesus is your king!
- 2 That meek and lowly LORD,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
To avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid;
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd.

- 4 Sing, for the day is high,
When near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie,
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy saints confess,
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

CCLXI. (C. M.) NEEDHAM.

CCLIX. Crowle 3. Miall 240.

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed. Phil. iv. 5.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious steps,
Still keep the golden mean:
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part,
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast;
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows
He takes with thankful heart;
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To sect or party, his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.
- 7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good,
Can claim his highest love.

CCLXII. (L. M.)

Portugal 97. Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wish. Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **T**HUS Agur breath'd his warm desire,
" My God, two favours I require,
" In neither my request deny,
" Vouchsafe them both before I die :
- 2 " Far from my heart and tents exclude
" Those enemies to all that's good,
" *Folly* whose pleasures end in death,
" And *Falsehood's* pestilential breath :
- 3 " Be neither wealth nor want my lot :
" Below the dome, above the cot,
" Let me my life unanxious lead,
" And know not luxury nor need."
- 4 Those wishes, LORD, we make our own :
O shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, 'till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death !

- 5 But shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
The exuberance—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!
- 6 Or should we feel the pains of want,
Submission, resignation, grant,
'Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

CCLXIII. (L. M.)

Bramcoate. 8. New Sabbath 122.

Christian Patience. Luke xxii. 19.

- 1 **P**ATIENCE! O what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its father's hand,
As thro' the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Tho' we in full sensation feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
'Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest!
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

PATIENCE—PEACE. 264, 265

CCLXIV. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Kinsbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

Patience.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD, tho' bitter is the cup,
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thy unchanging love,
Let not a drop of wrath be there;
The faints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From JESUS, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

CCLXV. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Stillman 66. Hammond 226. Michael's 119.

God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm lxxxv. 8.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite,
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at this word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

CCLXVI. 112th. R. HILL.

Hoxton 121. Uffculm 93.

A Prayer for the promised Rest. *Isaiah xxvi. 3.*

- 1 **D**EAR friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign;
A worm by self and sin oppress'd,
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.
- 2 With holy fear, and reverend love
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live, and move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.
- 3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear LORD, on thee.
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee, the promis'd rest!
- 4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, LORD, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws:
In thy dear arms of love care's'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.
- 5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin
With all its wrathful fury die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
O may my heart, by thee possess'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

CCLXVII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

God hath commanded all Men every where to repent.

Acts xvii. 30.

1 " **R**EPENT," the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:

The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God

O'erlooks the crimes of men;

His heralds are dispatch'd abroad

To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons reach thro' all the earth;

Let earth attend and fear:

Listen, ye men of royal birth,

And let your vassals hear.

4 Together in his presence bow,

And all your guilt confess;

Embrace the blessed Saviour now,

Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,

And call you to his bar:

For mercy knows the appointed bound,

And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,

And yet prolong our days!

Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,

And weep, and love, and praise.

CCLXVIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Walsal 237. Bangor 251.

Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus turned into

Prayer. Acts viii. 21-24.

1 **S**EARCHER of hearts, before thy face,
I all my soul display;

269 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

And, conscious of its innate arts,

Intreat thy strict survey.

2 If lurking in its inmost folds

I any sin conceal,

O let a ray of light divine

The secret guile reveal.

3 If tinctur'd with that edious gall

Unknowing I remain,

Let grace, like a pure silver stream,

Wash out th' accursed stain.

4 If in these fatal fetters bound

A wretched slave I lie,

Smite off my chains, and wake my soul,

To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer

Be gentle pity given:

Speak ample pardon to my heart,

And seal its claim to heaven.

CCLXIX. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Coombs's 45. Bromley 104. Gloucester 12.

*Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give
Repentance.* Acts v. 31.

1 **E**XALTED Prince of Life, we own

The royal honours of thy throne;

'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,

And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess

The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;

Where beams of gentle radiance shine,

And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,

Till all thine enemies obey:

Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,

And conquer millions by its love.

REPENTANCE.

279

- 4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

CCLXX. 7^s. DR. S. STENNETT.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164.

Penitential Sighs.

- 1 **F**ATHER, at thy call I come,
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,
Press'd with grief on every side.
- 2 Here I'll make my piteous moan;
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin,
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.
- 4 Darkness fills my trembling soul,
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father; pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.
- 5 But, may such a wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smil'd upon by heaven?
- 6 May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine,
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart.

- 7 Yes I may, for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move,
Move with pardon and with love.
- 8 Well I do remember too
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.
- 9 Has my elder brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why, O why, should I despair
Of my Father's tender care.

CCLXXI. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Charmouth 28. Ann's 58.

The Penitent.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear JESUS, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

REPENTANCE.

272

- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest LORD,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

COLXXII. (C. M.) STEELE.

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

Penitence and Hope.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, when my thoughts recal
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares, detain'd, betray'd,
From JESUS to depart.
3 From JESUS, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my LORD, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
5 O while I breathe to thee, my LORD,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!
6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind! how sweet!
Thy condescending grace.

273, 274 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

CCLXXIII. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Olverston 179. Paul's 246.

The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting Sinner accepted.

Luke xv. 32.

1 **T**HE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
Rises accepted to the throne.

2 He meets, with tokens of his Grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possess
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

CCLXXIV. (C. M.) BEDDOME.

Walsal 237. Bangor 231.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

1 **W**HY, O my soul, why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies:

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn in silent grief?

3 **L**ORD, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee,
And then I would, O that I might!
A constant weeper be!

CCLXXV. (C. M.) COWPER.

Elenborough 170. Brightelmstone 208.

*The contrite Heart. Sarah Ivii. 15.*1 **T**HE LORD will happiness divine

On contrite hearts bestow;

Then tell me, gracious God, is mine

A contrite heart or no

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,

Insensible as steel;

If aught is felt, 'tis only pain

To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd

To love thee, if I could;

But often feel another mind,

Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,

I fain would strive for more;

But when I cry, "My strength renew,"

Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,

And love thy house of prayer;

I sometimes go where others go,

But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,

Decide this doubt for me:

And if it be not broken, break,

And heal it, if it be.

CCLXXVI. (C. M.) BEDDOME.

Abridge 201.

Wantage 204.

*Resignation, or, God our Portion.*1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy

Great God, are in thy hand:

My choicest comforts come from thee,

And go at thy command.

- 2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter-sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be T'hou my all in all.

CCLXXVII. (C. M.) COWPER.

Bedford 91. Crowle 13.

Submission.

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never has a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

- 4 'Thy favour all my journey thro'
 Thou art engag'd to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

CCLXXVIII. (C. M.) STREET

James's 163. Tunbridge 103.

Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, "My Father, God!"
 LORD, at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene;
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.
- 4 "My Father"—O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

CCLXXIX. (C. M.) T. GREENE.

Grove-House 143. Condescension 116.

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good.
1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the LORD—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the LORD—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the LORD—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recal
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the LORD—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the LORD—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Matter, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the LORD—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire;
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

- 8 And can my soul with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou please;
To thee I **ALL** resign.

CCLXXX. (C. M.) NEEDHAM.

Braintree: 25. Huddersfield: 202.

Self-Denial; or, taking up the Cross.

Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

- 1 **A**SHAM'D of CHRIST! my soul disdain
The mean ungenerous thought;
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay:
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer JESUS views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear!
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we in the evil day
From our profession fly,
JESUS, the judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

CCLXXXI. (C. M.)

Grove-House 143. Brightelmston 228.

Self-Denial. Mark. viii. 340 Luke. ix. 237

1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,

My dearest LORD, for thee?

It is but right, since thou hast done

Much more than this for me;

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee

Will more than make amends

For all the losses I sustain

Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,

How worthless they appear,

Compared with thee, supremely good,

Divinely bright and fair?

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee

A single smile obtain,

Tho' destitute of all things else,

I'd glory in my gain.

CCLXXXII. (C. M.) Dr. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Grove 3. Gainborough 29.

Sincerity and Truth. Phill. iv. 8.

1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name

Their holy vows fulfil;

The Gints, the followers of the Lamb,

Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,

Tho' to their hurt they swear;

Constant and just to all they speak,

For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,

Nor flattering words devise;

They know the God of truth can see

Thro' every false disguise.

- 4 They hate the appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears;
Firm to the truth—and when they die
Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.
- 6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

CCLXXXIII. (S. M.) Beddome.

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Sincerity desired.

- 1 IF secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine;
Purge out, O God, that cursed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.
- 2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
O tear the infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyself alone.
- 3 Is any lust conceal'd?
Bring it to open view;
Search, search, dear Lord, my inmost soul,
And all its powers renew.

CCLXXXIV. (C. M.) Fawcett.

Ann's 38. Stillman 66.

Spiritual-mindedness: or, Inward Religion.
James 1. 27.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

285 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 More needful *this*, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows,
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd
His government to own!
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Thro' my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies!

CCLXXXV. (C. M.) TATE.

Exeter 41: Michael's 119.

Encouragement to trust and love God. Pla. xxxiv.

1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall fill
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye faints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supply'd.

COLXXXVI. (L. M.)

Bowden 78. Rowles 73.

Trust and Confidence; or, looking beyond present Appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus,
I never will give up my shield.

287. GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 Altho' the vine, its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty fall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear,
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour ~~will~~ at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face;
Tho' now my prospects all be cross,
My blooming hopes cut off, I see,
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.
- 4 In hope, believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name:
Soon, my dear SAVIOUR, bring it nigh!
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

CCLXXXVII. (L. M.) A

Ulverson 1799. Dresden 1778.

Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.

- 2 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood?

- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee, to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, my sins confess:
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already number'd less,
Vain the attempt to swell the score!
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
'T would only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

CCXXXVIII. (C. M.) BEDBOM

U NCLEAN! From first to last, O Lord, I've been!

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercies all your theme.

Mercy, which like a river flows

In one continued stream: When first I heard

2 *Fear not the powers of earth and hell,*

God will these powers restrain;

His mighty arm their rage repel,

And make their efforts vain.

- 3 My heart was chang'd, in that same hour
My soul confess'd his might power,
Out flow'd the briny tear:
I listen'd still to hear his voice,
Again he said, " In me rejoice,
" 'Tis I, thou need'st not fear."
4 " Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd,
" Freely I love," he soon reply'd,
" On me thy faith be staid:
" On me for every thing depend,
" I'm JESUS still, the sinner's friend,
" Thou need'st not be afraid."

CCXC. 104th. NEWTON.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148. Suffex 70.

I will trust and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With CHRIST in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Shall surely prevail.

- 3 His love in time past,
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink;
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When, satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death;
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me
 To put me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation,
 Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup,
 No heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up,
 That sinners might live;
 His way was much rougher
 And darker than mine,
 Did CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
 And shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food;
Though painful at present
I will cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

COXCI. (L. M.)

New Sabbath 122. Langdon 217.

True Wisdom. Prov. III. 13-18.

1 **H**APPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love!

2 Happy beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour dy'd for me,"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace;
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd with her.

4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

CCXCII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Lewton 30. Rowles 73.

Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John following their Master. John xxi. 18—20.

- 1 **B**LEST men, who stretch their willing hands
 Submissive to their LORD's commands,
 And yield tneir liberty and breath,
 To him that lov'd their souls in death!
- 2 Lead me to suffer, and to die,
 If thou, my gracious LORD, art nigh:
 One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
 And teach me smiling to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,
 And from the cross or flames draw back,
 Grace can its feeble courage raise,
 And turn its tremblings into praise.
- 4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,
 "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way,"
 Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move,
 With humble hope and silent love.

CCXCIII. (C. M.) BEDDOME.

Bedford 91. Grove House 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their might,
 Earth's vanities pursue,
 How slow the advances which I make,
 With heaven itself in view!
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
 Great God, my love inflame;
 Religion, without zeal and love,
 Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
 May I with fervour strive;
 And all these powers employ for thee
 Which I from thee derive!

THE CHRISTIAN

CCXCV. (L. M.) FAWCETT.

Fawcett 184. Ulverston 179.

The Christian, awakened—What must I do to be saved? Acts ix. 6.

- 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries,
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 'Till now I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace, at last," I cry'd.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

Trowbridge 21. Weir 210. Tabernacle 239.

Supplicating—Jesus, thou Son of David, have Mercy
on me. Mark x. 47.

- 1 JESUS, full of compassion, wait
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting
Overwhelm'd with his forgiving
Prostrate at thy feet repenting
Send, O send, his quick relief.
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to him, who comfort gives
Whither from the dreads of dying
But to him, who ever lives.
- 4 While I, now, feel, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the curst tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'd'st for me.
- 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit
I am more than angel-bled;
Heir with thee, all things inhering,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing
I should be a wretch undone;
Search thro' heaven, the land of blessing
Seeking good and finding none.
- 7 Hear them, blest Saviour, hear me
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the comforter to cheer me
Lo! I am here, I put my trust.

THE CHRISTIAN:

296

- 8 On the word *thy blood hath sealed,*
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm, *be now revealed,*
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, *Lord, be said,*
"Here's a *Soul* that perish'd, *being*
"For the *humbled Saviour's aid!*"
- 10 Sav'd---the dead shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love.

CCXCVI. 7^s.

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

*Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer; or, ventur-
ing on the Mercy of God in Christ.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS LORD, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never ceasing cry,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, LORD, are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 3 LORD, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
LORD, I know thou canst not lie,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son;
JESUS, to thine arms I fly,
Come and save me, or I die.

CCXCVII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE

Mark's 65. Rowles 73.

Choosing the Better Part. Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my JESUS, full be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

CCXCVIII. (S. M.) DR. DODDIDGE.

Kibworth 249. Eagle Street New 55.

Devoting himself to God. Rom. xii. 1.

1 **A**ND will the eternal King
So mean a gift reward?

That offering, LORD, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odour rise,
Thro' our Redeemer's name.

CCXCIX. (L. M.) DR. S. STANLEY.

New Court 173. Derby 169.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor
vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

1 **A**ND will the offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports my breast,
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the king of glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heavenly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign:
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;

5 To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

5 No idol-god shall hold a place,
Within this temple of thy grace:

6 Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And vengeance seize the priests of Baal.
Give me, O Lord, with joy we sing,
Which thy love and grace impart.

7 Father Chatham, give us grace,
Let me thy love and grace impart.

1 *The Spiritual Pilgrim*
HOW happy is the pilgrim's state

How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear;
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell.
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already, O Lord, I find thee

From every creature I am free,
Bless'd with the corn of life;
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And rests in peace above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen.

Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want;
And let the king of glory
Enter with his heavenly train.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world I am;
I all their goods despise,
I trample on their pride and shame.

And seek a country out of sight,
A country where I may
And pay their homage at thy feet;

THE CHRISTIAN.

5 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angel's beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
6 I come, thy servant, O my Saviour,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest.

Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, friend,
Receive me in thy breast.

CCCI. 7. 6.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove.
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Non stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul new born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

M

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;

Press onward to the prize;

Soon the Saviour will return

Triumphant in the skies;

Yet a season, and you know

Happy entrance will be given,

All your sorrows left below,

And earth exchanged for heaven.

CCCII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Cambridge New 74 Furman 135 Milbourn

Port 183

Running the Christian Race, Phil. iii. 12-14.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,

And press with vigour on;

A heavenly race demands thy zeal,

And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's allanimating voice

That calls thee from on high;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize

To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around

Hold thee in full survey;

Forget the steps already trod,

And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,

Have we our race begun;

And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet,

We lay our laurels down.

CCCIII. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Coombs's 45 Bromley 104 Derby 169

The Christian Warfare, Eph. vi. 13-17.

1 **M**Y captain sounds the alarm of war,
"Awake, the powers of hell are near!"

THE CHRISTIAN.

304

- “ To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,
 “ ’Tis yours to conquer or to die.”
- 2 Rous’d by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around;
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm’d, I venture on the fight,
 Resolv’d to put my foes to flight;
 While JESUS kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu’ring banner o’er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast;
 Thro’ troops of foes he’ll lead me on
 To vict’ry, and the victor’s crown.

CCCIV. 148th. TOPHATY’S COLLECTION.

Eagle Street 16. Grove 125. Clapham 18.

The Christian’s Spiritual Voyage.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep.
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wife;
 My compass is thy word;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord!
 I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.

143

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie:
Yet CHRIST will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye.
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Where'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear LORD, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come HOLY GHOST, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace:
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place!
Then, in full sail, my port I find,
And leave the world and sin behind.
- CCCIV. *I launch into the deep*
Hosham: 224
4 Blessed Saviour, *And leave me to thy care*
Tempted---but flying to Christ for Refuge.
1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in All, in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
- Who can recount their various names
In strength and beauty they excel;
For none do but do thee alone
How eagerly they seek to know
The duties he would have them do
The Christian's Temptations moderated, a Proof of
God's Fidelity, 1 Cor. x. 13
- 1 NOW let the saints all be strong,
And make their foes their foes;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall foes

- 2 What tho' the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

CCCVII. (L. M.) D. S. STENNETT. V

Chard 175. Derby 169.

The Ministry of Angels

- 1 GREAT God, what hosts of angels stand,
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight?
- 2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames,
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel,
For near the throne of God they dwell.
- 3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do!
What joy their active spirits feel
To execute their sovereign's will!
- 4 Hither, at his command they fly,
To guard the beds on which we lie,
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

THE CHRISTIAN.

398.

- 5 [Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty *Gabriel* downward flies,
And with his chariots fills the skies.
- 6 *Herod* attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a *Peter* with his chain:
At one soft word an angel speaks,
The massy chain asunder breaks.]
- 7 Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Tho' to a mortal eye unknown)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

CCCVIII. (C. M.) STEELE.

Charmouth 28. Workop 31.

WALKING in *Darkness* and trusting in God,

Isaiah l. 10.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?
- 2 My God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy saints depend!
- 3 By ev'ry name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat:
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness moun-
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

- 5 Speak, LORD, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease;
And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

CCCIX. (S. M.)

Stoke 207. Harborough 142.

Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not,

Rom. vii. 19.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This stony-heart can ne'er relent
Till JESUS make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!

- 6 But if indeed I *would*, I *could*,
 Tho' I can nothing do;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.
- 7 By nature prone to ill,
 Till thine appointed hour,
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of power.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun;
 And with a will, afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run?

CCCX. (L. M.) *Benedictus.*

Virginia 234. Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

- 1 **T**HE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
 Both represent th' unstable mind;
 The morning cloud and early dew
 Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
 Faint and imperfect emblems are;
 Nor can there aught in nature be
 So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
 Scarce thro' a single hour the same;
 We vow, and straight our vows forget,
 And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin, forsake, to sin return;
 Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
 In deep distress, then raptures feel,
 We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

311, 312. THE CHRISTIAN.

- 5 With flowing tears, LORD, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

CCCXI. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Marks 65. Ulverston 179.

Pride lamented.

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But Pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.
- 4 Rend, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.
- 5 So shall Humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

CCCXII. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Crowle 3. Wantage 204.

Preaching with God under Affliction.

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?

- 2 No, LORD, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God:
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Will set my heart at ease:
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

CCCXIII. 7. 6. 8.

Clark's 131. Tottenham Court 111.

Backsliding and returning; or, the Backslider's Prayers.

- 1 **JESUS**, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shewn;
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my heart of stone.

N 3

- 2 Saviour, prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, thro' thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart;
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live;
 "Father (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd), forgive!"
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
 O my loving, bleeding LORD,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

CCCXIV. (C. M.) FAWCETT.

London 186. Bangor 231.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxiii 54-62.

- 1 **H**OW did the powers of darkness rage
 Against the Son of God?
 While cruel men on earth engage
 To shed his precious blood.
- 2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
 When that dread scene began;
 And one perfidiously denies
 He ever knew the man.

- 3 How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's power!
E'en *Peter's* flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.
- 4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilt and shame!
LORD, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.
- 5 At length the suffering Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes!
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.
- 6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble prayer:
If I am found in *Peter's* case,
I would not still despair.
- 7 Look on me, LORD, with eyes of love,
My wandering soul restore!
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.

CCCXV (CMLXV) New Year

Crowle 3. Worktop 31

O that I were as in Months past! Job xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles;
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the LORD,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my ease.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, LORD, thy mercies cannot fail:
O come without delay.

CCCXVI. (C. M.) STEELE.

Bedford 91. Charmouth 28.

Troubled, but making God a Refuge.

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

THE CHRISTIAN.

317

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

CCCXVII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Cambridge New 74. Hphziah

Persecution is to be expected by every true Christian,

- 1 GREAT leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.

- 2 A vict'ry glorious and complete,
Thou by thy death didst gain;
So in thy cause may we contend,
And death itself sustain.
- 3 By our illustrious Generalful,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, our LORD, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renew;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

CCCXVIII. 8. 7. 4. FAWCETT.

Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.

Cast down, yet hoping in God, Psalm xliii.

- 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to JESUS,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations
Vex and teize thee, day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within;
JESUS saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

4. Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
5. O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

CCCXIX. (C. M.)

Brighthelmstone 208. Frome 255. Grove House 1435.

The Request.

1. **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart;
"From every murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
"And crown my journey's end."

CCCXX. (C. M.) STEELE.

Bath Chapel 26. Salem 139.

Watchfulness and Prayer, Matt. xxvi. 41.

1. **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah ! how vain ;
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Tho' trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Where'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.

CCCXXI. (L. M.)

NEWTON.

Kingbridge 88. Rippon's 1188.

Prayer answered by Cresses.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray, I
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthy joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

CCCCXXII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIGE

Uxerston 179. Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
For all thy influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love;
- 2 Bless'd be thy hand which from the skies
Brought down this plant of paradise;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

- 3 But why does that celestial flower
Open and thrive and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odors fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shews
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows:
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, blest'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below:
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

CCCXXIII. (L. M.) G—

Lebanon 79. New Sabbath 122.

Rising to God.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

CCCXXIV. (L. M.) FAWCETT.

Magdalene 214. Lewton 30.

Remembering all the Way the LORD has led him,
Deut. viii. 2.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
LORD, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear LORD, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

CCCXXV. (S. M.) DR. DOUGLASS
Sutton 149. Stockport 47.

*Waiting for the Coming of his Lord, or, the Active
Christian, Luke xii. 35—38*

1 **Y**E servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 CHRIST shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

CCCXXVI. (L. M.)

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy, Acts xx. 24.

1 **A**SSIST us, LORD, thy name to praise
For the rich Gospel of thy grace,
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.

- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey,
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life, or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!
Welcome that death whose painful strife
Bears us to CHRIST our better life!

CCCXXVII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Martin's Lane 67. Portugal 97.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to JESUS.

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast redemption wrought!
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought!
To thee our spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever-constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, LORD, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine Omnipotence to save.

- 5 O may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain.
- 6 In raptures there divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display!

CCCXXVIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Evans's 190. Cambridge New 74.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned,
Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
"Who first in such a warfare dies,
"Shall speediest victory know."

- 3 "I have my days of combat known,
"And in the dust was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my throne,
"And glory crowns my head."

- 4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
"My hands the crown shall give;
"And you the sparkling honours wear,
"While God himself shall live."

- 5 **L**ORD, 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

CCCXXIX. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's 246. Green's Hundred 89.

Retirement and Meditation, Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Thro' all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purify'd.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

CCCXXX. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Ulverston 179. Portugal 97.

Reading the Scriptures.

- 1 **G**REAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there;
To sooth the sorrows of my mind:
- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page;
Of threatenings find an ample store,
But hough that can my grief alluage.

- 3 And is there nought? Forbid, dear LORD,
 So base a thought should e'er arise :
 I'll search again; and, while I search,
 O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and with transporting joy,
 I read the heaven-inspired lines;
 There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
 And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,
 And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;
 Here's healing balm for every wound,
 A salve for every festering sore.

CCCXXXI. (L. M.) PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Magdalene 214. Paul's 246.

Self-Examination, Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise?
 What anxious fears and jealousies?
 What crowds in doubtful light appear?
 How few, alas! approv'd and clear.
- 2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
 And an impartial survey take:
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
 Is JESUS form'd, and living there?
 Say, do his lineaments divine
 In thought, and word, and action, shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
 The secrets of my soul reveal;
 My fears remove; let me appear
 To God, and my own conscience, clear.

- * Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that blest'd world arrive,
Where CHRIST thro' all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

CCCXXXII. (C. M.)

Charmouth 28. Bedford 94.

Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkeſt night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-diſcerning ſight.

- 2 There may that piercing eye ſurvey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's ſhade.

- 3 O let thy own ceſtial fire
The incenſe ſtill inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aſpire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

- 4 So ſhall the viſits of thy love
My ſoul in ſecret bleſs;
So ſhalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy ſuppliant to confeſs.

PAUSE.

- 5 Mercy, good LORD, mercy I aſk,
This is the total ſum;
Mercy, thro' CHRIST, is all my ſuit;
LORD, let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

CCCXXXIII. (C. M.)

Great Milton 212. Matthew's 34.

Going to a New Habitation.

- 1 GREAT GOD, where'er we pitch our tent,
 Let us an altar raise;
 And there with humble frame present
 Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
 While health and strength shall last;
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

CCCXXXIV. (L. M.) STEELE.

Magdalene 214. Horsley 205.

The Christian's noblest Resolution. Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 A H, wretched souls who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers, to serve the LORD,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme controul,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint or tire,
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

FAMILY WORSHIP. 335. 336.

CCCXXXV. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Portugal 97. Uiverston 179.

Family Religion, Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

CCCXXXVI. (S. M.)

Eagle Street New 55. Simons 250.

*Prayer for Infants; or, Children, Day by Day, given
to God.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Dear LORD, thy spirit pour
Upon our infant seed,
O bring the long d-for, happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
 Confess the Saviour's name,
 Then follow their despised LORD
 Thro' the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
 Surround thy sacred board,
 There to adore thy sovereign grace,
 And sing their dying LORD.

CCCXXXVII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Condescension 116. New York 33.

CHRIST'S *condescending* *Regard to little Children*,
 Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The LORD of angels came.

3 We bring them, LORD, by fervent prayer,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be!

4 [Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.]

5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

333.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

CCCXXXVIII. (148th.) B. FRANCIS *.

Clapham 18. Dartmouth 46. Greenwich New 62.

On opening a Place of Worship.

1 **I**N sweet exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlasting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles,

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to shew,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

* Sung on opening the Meeting House at Hovey, Gloucestershire, September 18, 1774; and also, at the opening of the New Meeting House, at Downend, near Bristol, October 4, 1786.

- 5 Here, may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love,
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above,
 And willing crowds surround thy board
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise,
 And shine like polish'd stones,
 Thro' long succeeding days;
 Here, LORD, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

CCCXXXIX. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Chard 175. Wareham 117.

On opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 GREAT GOD, thy watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace;
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
 Long may they echo to thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train;
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
 When GOD the nations shall survey;
 May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born to glory here.

CCCXI. (C. M.) NEWTON.

Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

On opening a Place for social Prayer.

1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

CCCXLI. (S. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Kibworth 249. Vermont 134.

The Pleasure of social Worship.

1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his joy reign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O LORD, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

CCCXLII. 75. D. TURNER.

Feverham 220. Bath Abbey 147.

The Excellency of Public Worship.

- 1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

CCCXLIII. (L. M.) STEELE.

Langdon 217. Chand 275.

The Happiness of humble Worship, Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear;
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise,
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men whom strength divine,
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a sun: our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 6 He pours his kindly blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy favourites of his care.
- 7 O LORD of hosts, thou God of guard,
How blest, divinely blest is he
Who trusts thy love, and sticks thy hand,
And fixes all his hopes on thee.

CCCXLIV. (L. M.)

Bramcoate 8. Lewton 30.

Delight in God's House and Confidence in him,

Psalm xxvii.

1 **T**HOU, LORD, my safety, thou my light,
 What danger shall my soul affright?
 Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
 To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
 My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
 One gift I ask, that to my end
 Fair Zion's dome I may attend;

3 There joyful find a sure abode,
 And view the beauty of my God;
 For he within his hallow'd shrine
 My secret refuge shall assign.

4 When thou, with condescending grace,
 Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
 My heart reply'd to thy kind word,
 Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord!

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
 And nature leave a parent's heart;
 My God, on whom my hopes depend,
 Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
 On God with sacred courage wait;
 His hand shall life and strength afford;
 O ever wait upon the Lord.

CCCXLV. (S. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

Price's 187. Hopkins's 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

1 **A**Lmighty Maker, God!
 How wondrous is thy name!

LORD'S DAY.

346.

- Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every drefs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that busy fin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]
- 5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

CCCXLVI. 8. 8. 6. MERRICK.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.

Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship,
Psalms cxxii.

THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

- 2 Hither from *Judah's* utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend;
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
O Sion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How bless'd, who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.
- 4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.
- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail;
How can my tongue, O Sion, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansions of my God?

CCCXLVII. 7s. D. TURNER.

Alcester 213. Feverham 220.

A Song of Praise to the Redeemer, Psalm xl. 7, 8.

- 1 **H**OLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come, inspire our humble lays,
While the Saviour's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

- 2 Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender bosom so,
That when justice death demands,
Forth the greater Deliverer stands;
- 3 Cries to God, "Thy mercy shew;
"Lo! I come thy will to do;
"I the sacrifice will be,
"Death shall plunge his dart in me.
- 4 Tho' the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in power,
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than his angels made;
- 5 [He that heaven itself possess'd,
Now an infant at the breast,
Angels from the world above,
See and sing th' amazing love;
- 6 Thro' the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way;
Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witness of his midnight prayer.
- 7 Now the heavenly lover dies!
Darkness veils the mid-day skies,
Angels round the bloody tree
Throng, and gaze in ecstasy!
- 8 [Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
Rocks and tombs asunder cleave;
While the Temple's rending veil
Tells the priest the awful tale.
- 9 But the third day's dawning comes,
Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Reascends his native sky,
Where he lives no more to die.

- 10 On his cross he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,
Sends his Spirit down to give
Dying sinners grace to live.

CCCXLVIII. (L. M.) J. STENNETT.

Rqwles 73. Magdalene 214.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love affigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

LORD'S DAY.

349

CCCXLIX. 148th.

Carter Lane 141. Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for LORD'S Day Morning.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant Death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts THE GOD ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant LORD!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

CCCL. (C. M.) B

Salem 139. New York 33.

A Hymn for the Evenings of the Lord's Day.

1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns:
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love
Our frailties, LORD, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O LORD, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end:

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine:

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ,
Delighted in the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

CCCLI. (C. M.) CENNICK

Brighthelmston 208. Providence College 10.

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 [Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

CCCLII. (L. M.)

Gloucester 12: Lebanon 796

The Eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

1 **T**HINE earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

CCCLIII. (L. M.) COWPER.

Portugal 97. Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Refraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest faint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent;
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

CCCLIV. 78.

Cookham 36. Stoel 164.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me.

Gen. xxxiii. 26

- 1 **L**ORD; I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my LORD, thou know'st my name.
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
LORD, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take
When I plead for JESUS' sake.

CCCLV. (C. M.) EDMUND JONES.*

Ludlow 84. Crowle 3.

The successful Resolved I will go on to the King,

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast

A thousand thoughts revolve.

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd

And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to JESUS, tho' my sin

"Hath like a mountain rose;

"I know his courts, I'll enter in,

"Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,

"And there my guilt confess;

"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,

"Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,

"Whose sceptre pardon gives,

"Perhaps he may command my touch,

"And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,

"Perhaps will hear my prayer;

"But if I perish I will pray,

"And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,

"I am resolv'd to try,

"For if I stay away, I know

"I must for ever die."

* The Rev. Mr. Jones was a truly worthy pastor of the Baptist Church at Exon, Devon: he departed this life on April 15, 1765, aged 43. His successor was my very amiable friend, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Lewis, who died Dec. 4, 1774, aged 44 years.—This page is sacred to his memory.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER. 356, 357.

CCCLVI. (S. M.)

Eagle Street New 55. Broderip's 352.

A broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, LORD,
A broken heart I bring;

And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

- 2 To CHRIST, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;

Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfy'd;

And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, "JESUS died."

CCCLVII. (L. M.) BEDDOM.

Rippon's 188. Ulverstone 179.

Holy Boldness.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,

I dare approach thy throne, O GOD;

Thy face no frowning aspect wears,

Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

- 2 Th' incircling rainbow, peaceful sign!

Doth with refulgent brightness shine;

And while my faith beholds it near,

I bid farewell to every fear.

- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;

With courage sing, with fervour pray;

And tho' myself a wretch undone,

Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—

- 4 Thy Son, who on the accursed tree,

Expir'd to set the vilest free;

On this I build my only claim,

And all I ask is in his name.

CCCLVIII. 8. 8. 6. J. STRAPHAN.

Chatham 59.

The LORD'S Prayer, Matt. vi. 9—13.

1 O UR Father, whose eternal sway

The bright angelic hosts obey,

O! lend a pitying ear:

When on thy awful name we call,

And at thy feet submissive fall,

O! condescend to hear.

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,

May rebels to thy sceptre bend,

And yield to sovereign love:

May we take pleasure to fulfil

The sacred dictates of thy will,

As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,

Our raiment and our daily food,

In rich abundance come:

LORD, give us still a fresh supply;

If thou withhold thy hand, we die,

And fill the silent tomb.

4 Pardon our sins, O God! that rise,

And call for vengeance from the skies;

And while we are forgiven,

Grant that revenge may never rest,

And malice harbour in that breast

That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,

And from the wily tempter's power

O! set our spirits free:

And if temptation should assail,

May mighty grace o'er all prevail,

And lead our hearts to thee.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 359, 360

6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs

The constant tribute of our songs,

All glory to thy name:

Let every creature join our lays,

In one resounding act of praise

Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON

CCCLIX. (L. M.) Dr. S. STENNETT.

Portugal 97. Wareham 117.

To be sung between Prayer and Sermon.

1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,

Meet to recount his acts of grace,

And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,

"Amid this little company;

"To them unveil my smiling face,

"And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,

Relying on thy faithful word:

Now send thy Spirit from above,

Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

CCCLX. (C. M.)

Great Milton 212. Condescension 116.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 **I**N vain Apollos' silver tongue,

And Paul's with strains profound,

Diffuse among the listening throng

The Gospel's gladdening sound.

2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine

To form the heart anew;

Now let thy sovereign grace divine

Each stubborn soul subdue.

CCCLXI. 112th. FAWCETT.

Uffculm 93. Carey's 11. Hoxton 2A.

Before Sermon.

1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:

Now let thy voice engage our ear,

And faith be mix'd with what we hear:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting servants blest,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,

And fix our hearts and hopes above;

With food divine may we be fed,

And satisfy'd with living bread:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting servants blest,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

3 To us the sacred word apply,

With sovereign power, and energy;

And may we, in thy faith and fear,

Reduce to practice what we hear:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting servants blest,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;

Teach us to know and do thy will:

Thy saving power and love display;

And guide us to the realms of day:

Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting servants blest,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

CCCLXII. (C. M.) BEDDOE

Bath Chapel 26. Michael's 119.

The Freedom of the Gospel.

1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,

HYMNS BEFORE SERMONS. 363.

Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood;

- 2 The mightiest king and meanest slave
I May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the Gospel feast.

- 3 None are excluded thence but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

- 4 Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue;
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

CCCLXIII. 7s.

Stool 164. Cookham 36.

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?

- 2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
LORD, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

CCCLXIV (L. M.)

Portugal 97. Horsley 205.

The Pool of Bethesda, John v. 2-4.

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool;
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

CCCLXV. 8. 7. 4. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Helmley 223. Painswick 162.

Prayer for Minister and People.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the Gospel feast:
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesu's guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 366, 367.

CCCLXVI. (L. M.)

Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

Casting the Gospel-Net, Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

1 **N**OW while the Gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sovereign power
To break the rocks and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

CCCLXVII. (S. M.) BEDDOME.

Harborough 142. Wirksworth 158.

He beheld the City, and wept over it, John xix. 41.

1 **D**ID CHRIST o'er sinners weep;
And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!

Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;

In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

CCCLXVIII. 8. 704.

Helmley 223. Lewes 63.

A Blessing requested.

1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, thy hungry feed,
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live!

CCCLXIX. 148th.

Bethesda 112. Carmarthen New 35.

Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35—38.

1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy grace I implore,
And wait to see thy face:
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the crucify'd.

2 **J**ESUS, attend my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near;
The darkness from my heart remove,
And shew me now thy pardoning love.

CCCLXX. (L. M.) BEDDOME,

Coombs's 45. Iflington 40.

Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

1 **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad,
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 371.

- 2 Let millions bow before thy feet,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
—Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
3 O let the kingdoms of the world:
Become the Kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

CCCLXXI. (L. M.)

Wareham 117. Green's Hundred 89.

Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these pent'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the plain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they wake, they rejoice.
5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

CCCLXXII. (C. M.)

Bath Chapel, 2601 New York 33

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 5-23.

1 **N**OW, LORD, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care

Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,

By humble fervent prayer

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,

And water too in vain;

LORD of the harvest, GOD of grace,

Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues

Begin this song divine:

"Thou, LORD, hast given the rich increase,"

And be the glory thine.

CCCLXXIII. 148th. NEW TON.

Bethesda 112. Eagle Street 16

ON what has now been sown,

Thy blessing, LORD, bestow;

The power is thine alone,

To make it spring and grow;

Do thou the gracious harvest raise,

And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

CCCLXXIV. (L. M.)

Denbigh 54. Rowles 73.

The Spread of the Gospel, Matt. vi. 10.

1 **T**O distant lands thy Gospel send;

And thus thy empire wide extend.

To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,

Thou, King of Grace, salvation new.

2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,

Thy name, O God, immortalize;

May nations yet unborn confess

Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

And be thou known the gracious God.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 375. 376.

CCCLXXV. (C. M.)

Bedford 91. Abridge 201.

Duties and Privileges, Jude 20, 21.

1 **W**HILE sinners who presume to bear
The christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame;

2 Ye saints preserv'd in CHRIST and call'd,
Detest their impious ways,
And on the basis of your faith
An heavenly temple raise.

3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid,
Depend from day to day,
And, while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

4 Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
And let the flame arise,
And higher and still higher blaze,
Till it ascends the skies.

5 With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

CCCLXXVI. (C. M.) TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Grove House 143. Foster 96. Salem 135.

Now is the accepted Time.

1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away
To CHRIST, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome Gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And JESUS says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

CCCLXXVII. (L. M.) Dr. S. STENNETT.

Angel's Hymn 6p. Paul's 246.

Acceptance through CHRIST alone, John xiv. 6.

1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?

How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice;
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

CCCLXXVIII. (L. M.)

Rowles 73. Portugal 97.

Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.

IS Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard;
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow;
No blasted trees or failing crops
Can hinder my eternal hopes;

Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same,
Them let me triumph in his name.

CCCLXXIX.

Deptford 124. Turin 244.

Help; Hosea xiii. 9.

SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:

Help me, Saviour, from above,

Help me to believe, obey,

Help me to repent, and love,

Help to keep the graces given,

Help me quite from hell to heaven.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 380, 381, 382.

CCCLXXX. (C. M.)

Abridge 201. Grove House 143.

Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucify'd.

2 He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
"Go, for this time, away;
"I'll hear thee on these points again
"On some convenient day."

4 Attention to the words of life
Let Felix thus adjourn;
LORD, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

CCCLXXXI. (S. M.)

Eagle Street New 55. Vermont 134.

Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 "O THAT the Lord indeed
"Would me his servant bless,
"From every evil shield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace."
2 "Be his almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,
"Till with his saints in Canaan's land,
"My portion he divide."

CCCLXXXII. (C. M.)

Brightelmstone 208. Evans's 190.

1 LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;

- Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wand'ring feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!
- 3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length!
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

CCCLXXXIII. 104th. Sussex 705 Hanover 130.

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 OUR Saviour alone
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God.
- 2 We thankfully sing
Thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of pity and grace;
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell,
And say, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.
- 3 Preserve us in love,
While here we abide;
O never remove
Thy presence, nor hide

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 384, 385

Thy glorious salvation,
Till each of us see
With joy the blessed vision
Completed in thee.

CCCLXXXIV. (C. M.)

Boston 159. Miall 240.

Not unto us, Psalm cxv. 1.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb; be glory given.
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, O we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

CCCLXXXV.

Honour and Lock 49. Lambeth 37.

Our God forever and ever, Psalm xlviii. 14.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus the first and the last, his Spirit
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CCCLXXXVI. (C. M.) CENNICK.

Newington 61. Great Milton 212.

CHRIST the Burden of the Song.

1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;

No music's like thy charming name,

Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice,

In mercy to us speak,

And in our priest we will rejoice,

Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,

While in this world we stay,

We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,

When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,

With all thy favour'd throng,

Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,

And CHRIST shall be our song.

CCCLXXXVII. 6. 4.

Bermondsey 52.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 **G**LORY to God on high!

Let earth and skies reply,

Praise ye his name.

His love and grace adore.

Who all our sins bore.

Sing aloud evermore.

Worthy the Lamb.

2 JESUS, our Lord and God,

Bore sin's tremendous load,

Praise ye his name:

Tell what his arm hath done,

What spoils from death he won,

Sing his great name alone,

Worthy the Lamb.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 388

3 While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,

Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,

Our holy LORD to bless;

Praise ye his name;

In him we will rejoice,

And make a joyful noise,

Shouting with heart and voice,

Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,

Yet we shall never cease

Praising his name;

To him our songs we bring,

Hail him our gracious king,

And without ceasing sing,

Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,

In realms of endless love,

Praise his dear name;

To him ascribed be

Honour and majesty,

Thro' all eternity;

Worthy the Lamb.

CCCLXXXVIII. (L. M.) HART.

Lebanon 79,

Horsley 205,

Manning 245.

Al. D. Hymn.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, LORD

Help us to feed upon thy word

All that has been amiss, forgive

And let thy truth within us live

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

CCCLXXXIX. 2. 7. 14.

Helmley 223. Westbury 51.

At Dismissal.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay:
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

CCCXC. (C. M.)

2 Bath Chapel 25. Brightelmstone 208.
Sanctification and Growth. (Heb. xiii. 20, 21.)

1 **N**OW only the Glor of peace and love,
Whom thou wilt imprisoning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to raise

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 391, 392. 393

2 Thro' the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built;

3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
T' accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray:
With glory let his name be crown'd
Thro' heaven's eternal day!

CCCCXI. (C. M.)
Islington 40. Lebanon 79.

The Peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in one,
The FATHER, WORD, and COMFORTER,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

CCCCXII. (C. M.)
Newton 222. The gifts 222.

May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour
And the FATHER's boundless love,
With the HOLY SPIRIT's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

DOXOLOGIES.

CCCXIII. (C. M.)

Grove House 114. Condescension 114.
TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Who made the earth and heaven,
Of equal dignity possess,
Be equal honours given.

CCCXCIV. (S. M.)

Aynhoe 108. Price's 187.
TO the eternal THREE,
In will and essence one,
Be universal homage paid.
Co-equal honours done:

CCCXCV. (L. M.)

Magdalene 214. Old Hundred 100.
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

CCCXCVI. 104th.

Suffex 70. Hanover 130.
GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad, again and again,
The SON's glorious merit, the FATHER's free grace;
The gifts of the SPIRIT, to Adam's lost race.

CCCXCVII. 8. 8. 6.

Baltimore 167. Broadmead 150.
TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption blest'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

THE WORLD:

CCCXCVIII. (L. M.) BLACKMORE.

Portugal 97. Green's Hundred 89.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

- 1 **W**HAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.
- 3 If, wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour when we need it most?
- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant:

Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

CCCXCIX. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

New York 33, Providence College 10.

Vanity of the World, Psalm iv. 6.

1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,

Forgetful of their God,

"Who will supply our vast desires,

Or shew us any good?"

2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth

Their eager wishes rove,

In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,

The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude

Their most intense pursuit:

Or, if they seize the fancied good,

There's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love,

Set my affections right;

Bid me aspire to joys above,

And walk no more by sight.

5 O let the glories of thy face

Upon my bosom shine:

Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,

My joys shall be divine.

CCCC. (C. M.) NEEDHAM,
Tunbridge 103. Abridge 201.

The Rich Fool Surprised, Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls! who think to find
A solid bliss below:
Bliss! the fair flower of paradise,
On earth can never grow.
2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,
T' increase his worldly store;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

- 3 "What shall I do?" distress'd he cries;
"This scheme will I pursue:
"My scanty barns shall now come down,
"I'll build them large and new.

- 4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
"My soul to take its ease:
"Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
"Shall give what joys I please.

- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
Th' Almighty made reply:
"For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
"This night thyself shalt die."

- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
Are but an empty dream.
And may I seek my bliss alone,
In thee the good supreme!

CCCCI. (C. M.)

Charmouth 28. Banger 231.

*The whole World no Compensation for the Loss of one
Soul, Mark viii. 36.*

- 1 **L**ORD, shall we part with gold for dust,
With solid good for show?
Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss,
In everlasting woe?

- 2 Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy:
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.
- 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy;
And rate our precious souls too dear
For all thy wealth to buy.

CCCCII. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS

Lebanon 79. Manning 245.

The Farewell.

- 1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual blifs that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.
- 2 **L**ORD, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.
- 3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?
- 4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires;
My soul pursues the sovereign good;
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

CCCCIII. (C. M.)

New York 33. Maidstone 196.

*The Church described; or, the Stability and Glory of
Sion.* Cant. vi. 10.

- 1 **S**AY who is she, that looks abroad
Like the sweet-blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn:
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides:
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings:
- 4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide-display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the church by heaven array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

CCCCIV. (L. M.) STEELE.

Derby 169. Wells Row 98.

The Presence of CHRIST the Joy of his People.

THE wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail the glorious morn,
That shew'd the great Messiah born.

- 2 The Prince, the Saviour, long desir'd,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspir'd,
And raptur'd saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glory shine
With power and majesty divine.
- 4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return:
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die,
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes.
- 6 Till fill'd with light and joy and joys,
Thy courts below, like thine above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

CCCCV. (C. M.) Dr. Dobson.

Great Milton 221. Exeter 4

Along the Way to Zion, Jer. 1. 5.

1 **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither let your steady face,
With a determin'd will.

2 Invite the stranger, and the poor,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

4 O come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands,
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

CCCCVI. 14th. Dr. Doddridge.

Swithins 44. Darwells 82.

At the forming a Church.

Isai. lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 13. 19A

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:

How kind the care

Our God displays,

For us to raise

A house of prayer!

2 Tho' once estrang'd afar,
We now approach thy throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:

Strangers no more,

To thee we come,

And find our home,

And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine;
We triumph in thy claim;

Our Father-king,

Thy cov'nant grace

Our souls embrace,

Thy titles sing.

178

- 4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.
- 5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

CCCCVII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Portugal 97. Derby 169.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from CHRIST,
Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage, and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

- 4 From CHRIST their varied gifts derive,
And fed by CHRIST their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Thro' the last courses of the sun,
While unborn churches by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 JESUS our LORD, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Thro' the long round of endless days.

CCCCVIII. (L. M.)

Wareham 117.

On sending a Member into the Work of the Ministry—
Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision, Isa. vi. 8.*

- 1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in Majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills:
- 2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces, and their feet.
- 3 LORD, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name!
O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!
- 4 Then if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Thro' all his weakness and his fear,
Howe shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

* If sung on any other Occasion, "his," in the three last Verses may be exchanged for "my."

5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
 Tho' every effort seem in vain;
 It ample recompence shall be,
 But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

CCCCIX. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIIDGE.

Paul's 246. Rippon's 188.

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
 Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
 Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
 And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O LORD, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
 Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
 Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
 May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

CCCCX. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIIDGE.

Abridge 201. Bedford 91.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn, Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take th' alarm they give;
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,
 Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import:
 The pastor's care demands;
 But what might fill an Angel's heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the LORD
 Did heavenly bliss forego;
 For souls, which must for ever live,
 In raptures, or in woe.

ORDINATION.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear!

5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see:
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

CCCCXL (LXXV) DR. DODDINGE.

Ayliffe Street 121 Portugal 975

The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors
after his own Heart, Jer. iii. 15.

At the Settlement of a Minister.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise

To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread.

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

* See Hymn cccvii. and Association Hymns.

412, 413.

THE CHURCH.

CCCCXII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIE.

Abingdon 42. Braintree 2.

CHRIST'S Care of Ministers and Churches, Rev. ii. 1.

1 **W**E bless th' eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine;
And, thro' this dark beclouded world,
Diffuseth rays divine.

2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are;
Fix'd in the temples of his love
To shine with radiance fair.

3 Still be our purity preserv'd,
Still fed with oil the flame;
And in deep characters inscrib'd
Our heavenly Master's name.

4 Then, while between our ranks he walks
And all our state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

CCCCXIII. (L. M.)

Babylon Streams 23. Paul's 246.

On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst alluage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.

3 Tho' we have sinn'd, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our heads,
Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

- 4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.
- 5 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 6 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 7 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast,
To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost.
- 8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him thro' the gloomy way,
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him thro' the dreary shade.
- 9 Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER BOOK.

At a Minister's leaving his People. — *Paul's farewell Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.*

WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day; in parting
But Jesus made them all his friends,
And wip'd their tears away.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 In heaven they met again with joy
 (Secure no more to part),
 Where praises every tongue employ,
 And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
 Their children soon shall meet;
 Together see their Saviour's face,
 And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
 Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
 Will tremble when they meet again
 The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
 If any perish here;
 The preachers who have told you *all*,
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
 Is not their utmost view;
 O! hear their prayer, thy message own,
 And save their hearers too.

CCCCXXV. (L. M.)
 Bowden 78. Chard 175.

The People's Prayer for their Minister.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to thee commend;
 His person bless; his soul secure;
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Give him with all sufficient grace;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert:
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CCCCXVI. (L. M.) DR. GIBBONS.

Portugal 97. Magdalene 274.

The Pastor's Wish for his People *, Phil. iv. 1. s.

1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart below'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
Adorn the Gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not your's, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right-hand,
Himself and all his people view!

* If this Hymn be sung at the second Verse may stand thus:
cond line of the second Verse may stand thus:
* Given out first at Dr. Gibbons's Meeting-House, July
21, 1782, when the floor was not sufficient for repair.

CCCCXVII. (E. M.)

Wareham 117. Marks 65.

At a Choice of Dragons.

FAIR Signs King, we triumphant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thy own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2. Up to thy throne, we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice *
Of such whose generous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.

3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
May they his sacred table spread,
The table of their Saviour's blood,
And fill the holy door with bread.

4 [When poor, faints, and poor, they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and thro' their eyes abound.]

5 By purest love to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~end~~ ^{end} and truth
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the christian faith
And meet the smile of thine and thee

6 And when the work is then assigned
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from fervent tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

* If this Hymn be sung before the Choice, then the second Line of the second Verse may stand thus:

"For Wisdom to direct our Choice."

GLORY PREDICTED.

418

CCCCXXIII.

Carlisle 95. Wells 220. Trowbridge 24-1
Glorious Things spoken of Zion the City of God.
Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21. *W. H. I*

- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 [See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Life-giving
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering
Shewing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering bring.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I thro' grace a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name!
 Fading's the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show!
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

CCCCXIX. (C. M.)

Cambridge New 74. Evans's 190. Trist. 177.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded,
 Psalm ii. 8.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged
 To thine exalted Son,
 That thro' the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I give the Heathen lands
 "For thine inheritance,
 "And to the world's remotest shores
 "Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own,
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne?
- 4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace?
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
 Under th' expanse of heav'n,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exception, given?

GLORY PRAYED FOR.

420.

- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannahs to thy Lord!
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame:
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim.

Gentile prayer. (CCCXXY (C.M.) 1, 2, 75, 26)

Orford 106. Devizes 14. Michael's 119.

Prayer for Missionaries.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy Gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals long enslav'd become
The freed men of the Lord!
- 5 When shall the untutor'd Heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL'S feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

- 6 Haste, **lovereign** mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love;
 Soften thy fiercest wrath,
 The vulture to a dove!
- 7 Smile, **LORD**, on each **divine** attempt
 To spread the **Gospel's** rays;
 And build on **sin's** demolition
 The temples of thy praise.

(CCCXXI. (L.M.))

Canby Aycliffe Street 24 Box Rochford 22. 1880

Longing for the Latter-Day Glory.

- 1 **H**OW many years has man been driven
 Far off from happiness and heaven
 When wilt thou, **gracious LORD**, restore
 Thy wandering church to room no more?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past
 Since Adam from thy sight was cast
 And ever since, his fallen race
 From age to age are void of grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim
 The judgment of the martyred Lamb?
 When shall the captive troops be free,
 And keep the eternal jubilee?
- 4 Hasten it, **LORD**, in every land,
 Send thou thine angels and command;
 "Go sound deliverance, loudly blow
 "Salvation to the saints below!"
- 5 We want to have the day appear
 The promis'd great sabbath day
 When, far from grief, and sin, and hell
 Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

- 6 'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
 And this our daily prayer shall be,
 Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

CCCCXXII. 1125

Carey's 11. Hoxton 121. Uffington 93.

Gentiles praying for Jews, Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abrah'm, hear
 Our earnest suit for Abrah'm's seed,
 Justly the claim the softest prayer
 From us, adopted in their stead,
 Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
 And CHRIST by their rejection gain.

- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
 Thro' every nation under heaven,
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
 Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n;
 Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
 Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.

- 3 But hast thou finally forlook,
 For ever cast thy own away!
 Wilt thou not bid the murderer's look
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
 Yes, gracious LORD, thy word is past;
 "All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

- 4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come,
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
 Receive thy ancient people home,
 That quicken'd by thy dying love
 The world may their reception view,
 And shout to God, the glory due.

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS
OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

CCCCXXIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Bath Chapel 26. IX. 1740.

*Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, God's
gracious approbation of ardent Attempts to revive
Religion, Mal. iii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD on mortal worms looks down
From his celestial throne;
And, when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.
- 3 Low to the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.
- 4 The chronicles of Heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.
- 5 "Yes (saith the Lord), the world shall know
"These humble souls are mine;
"These, when my jewels I produce,
"Shall in full lustre shine.
- 6 "When deluges of fiery wrath
"My foes away shall bear,
"That hand, which strikes the wicked thro',
"Shall all my children spare.

* See also Hymns 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

CCCCXXIV. (L. M.) B. F. FRANKLIN

Derby 169. Truro 109. Bideford 8.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring;
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword;
And publish loud thy healing word:
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like Seraphim above.
- 4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise
With us, an equal song of praise:
They are the noblest work of God,
But we, the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love;
Our care below, and crown above:
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

CCCCXXV. (C. M.) DR. DODD RIDGE.

Brightelmstone 208. Condescended HIBA

Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs, John xxi. 15.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord;
Behold my heart and fee;

And turn each cursed idol out

That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?

Then let me nothing love:

Dead be my heart to every joy,

When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still

To mine attentive ear?

Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound

My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 [Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,

I would disdain to feed?

Hast thou a foe, before whose face

I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie

With angels round the throne,

To execute thy sacred will,

And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood

In honour of thy name?

And challenge the cold hand of death

To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,

But, O! I long to soar

Far from the sphere of mortal joys,

And learn to love thee more.

CCCCXXVI. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Ayliffe Street 24 r. Portugal 97.

Prayer for Ministers.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,

Attentive to our earnest prayer;

We plead for those who plead for thee,

Successful pleaders may they be!

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe then with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace improve,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

CCCCXXVII. 8. 7. 4. Altered by Dr. RYLAND.

Lewes 63. Painswick 162. Helmley 223. O

[Ex. 170. Prayer for a Revival]

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again!
LORD, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Left, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant would wither and die.

- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen. Lord, &c.
- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
LORD, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee: Lord, &c.]
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth: Lord, &c.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show: Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms' flood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud! Lord, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain: Lord, &c.]
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares: Lord, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

CCCCXXIX. (I. M.) BEDFORD.
 CCCCXXVIII. 8 7 4
 Gloucester 24. Westbury 51.
 Trevecca 37. Kentucky 114.

Praying for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do avail
 With a glorious day of grace;
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western.
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting Gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name;
 All the borders
 Of the great IMMANUEL's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

CCCCXXIX. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Gloucester 12. Coombs's 15. Bromley 104.

The Increase of the Church.

- 1 **S**HOUL, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread:
And sinners, free'd from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.
- 5 O may his conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories view.
- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above,
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

CCCCXXX.

148th.

S.

Dartmouth 46. Carter Lane 141.

The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ
With joy our eyes behold;

Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
 And monuments of glory rear.
 To thee the hoary head
 Its silver honours pays,
 To thee the blooming youth,
 Devotes his brightest days,
 And every age their tribute bring,
 And bow to thee, all-conquering King.
 O haste, victorious Prince,
 That happy glorious day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway:
 O may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our spirits beyond the skies.
 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Eternal be thy reign;
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear thy gentle chain:
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.
 Portsmouth New Grove
 The completing of the Spiritual Temple, Decr 17.
 1 SING to the Lord
 Who deigns on earth to raise
 A temple to his love,
 A monument of praise.
 Ye saints around, thro' all its frame,
 Harmonious sound the builder's name.
 2 Beneath his eye and care
 The edifice shall rise
 Majestic, strong and fair,
 And shine above the skies.
 There shall he place the polished stones
 Ordain'd the work of grace to crown

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND
POOR BRETHREN

CCCCXXXII. 8. 7. B. FRANCIS.

Jewin Street 222. Northampton Chapel 126.

At a Collection for poor Ministers

- 1 **P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love;
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.
- 3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manors,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

CCCCXXXIII. (C. M.) Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Braintree 25. New York 33.

Relieving CHRIST in his Members, Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my LORD, how rich thy grace!

Thy bounties how complete!

How shall I count the matchless sum?

How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light

Dost thou exalted shine;

What can my poverty bestow,

When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,

The partners of thy grace;

And wilt confess their humble names

Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,

And visited and cheer'd;

And in their accents of distress,

My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,

We in thy poor world see;

O let us rather beg our bread,

Than keep it back from thee.

CCCCXXXIV. (L. M.)

Lebanon 77. Manning 245. Illington 40.

Of thine own have we given thee, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 THE LORD, who rules the world's affairs,

For me a well-spread board prepares;

My grateful thanks to him shall rise,

He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give him poor

A mite from all my generous store?

No, LORD! the friends of thine and thee,

Shall always find a friend in me.

CCCCXXXV. (L. M.) DR. GIBBONS.

Martin's Lane 67. Horley 205.

The Beneficence of CHRIST for our Imitation.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation thro' our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never *live*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank:
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

CCCCXXXVI. (C. M.)

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

437.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

CCCCXXXVII (S. M.) DR. S. STANNETT.

Wirksworth 158. Eagle Street New 55.

Praise for Conversion, Psalm lxi. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that fear the LORD,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escap'd,
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flatter'ing joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious aim,
Guided the poisonous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length, to God I cry'd,
He heard my plaintive sigh,
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God,
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

CCCCXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Bath Chapel 26. Miall 240.

The Conversion of Sinners a Matter for Prayer and Praise.

1 **T**HERE's joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 "Come saints, and hear what God hath done"
Is a reviving sound:
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around.

3 Often, O sovereign LORD, renew
The wonders of this day:
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praises too,
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

CCCCXXXIX. (C. M.)

Brightelmstone 208. Maidstone 196.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away.

1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, LORD! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

CHURCH MEETINGS.

440.

- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood;
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my tears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stir'd
If I will also go?
Yet, LORD, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer; No!

CCCCXL. (L. M.) STEELE.

Paul's 246. Wareham 117.

*To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life and
Safety in CHRIST alone, John vi. 67—69.*

- 1 **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go?
A wretched wanderer from my LORD,
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy avails impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the sound of nature gives.

- 5 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

CCCCXLI. (L. M.) DR. GIBBONS

Green's Hundred 89. Marks 65

Prayer for the whole Church.

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power,
And prisoners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heavenly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

BAPTISM.

442

BAPTISM.

CCCCXLII. 112th.

Carey's 11. Uffculm 93.

CHRIST *baptized in Jordan.*

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immerſing the repenting Jews;
The SON of GOD the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man reſuſe.
JESUS deſcends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye ſaints, behold him ſink and riſe,
A fit example thus for you!
The ſacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo! from yonder opening ſkies,
What beams of dazzling glory ſpread!
Dove-like th' Eternal SPIRIT lies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they ſee the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples ſhine.
- 4 But hark! my ſoul, hark and adore!
What ſounds are thoſe that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But ſoft and ſweet as Gabriel's ſong?
“ This is my well-beloved Son,
“ I ſee well-pleas'd what he hath done.”

- 5 Thus the Eternal FATHER spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod;
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the SON of GOD:
 O hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

CCCCXLIII. (L. M.) J. STENNETT.

Bramcoate 8. Portugal 97.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the lost to seek and save;
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
 To find a tomb beneath its wave!
- 2 " Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 " All righteousness," he meekly said:
 " Why should we then to do his will,
 " Or be ashamed, or be afraid?"
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
 LORD, 'tis our glory to descend;
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
 To let us see the light again;
 So on the resurrection day,
 The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- 5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
 The gates of death shall open wide,
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

CCCCXLIV. 8. 8. 60. NORMAN.

Chatham 59. Broadhead 150.

Thus, it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.

THUS it became the Prince of Grace,
And thus should all the favour'd race

High heaven's command fulfil;
For that the condescending God

Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
Was heaven's eternal will.

'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favour'd choice,

And thus with zeal pursue:

No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,

Enjoin'd us thus to do.

And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,

Where condescending Heaven,
To sinful man's apostate race,

In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

Thou everlasting gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing,

And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,

Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day.

CCCCXLV. 8. 7. FAWCETT.

Welsh 210. Carlisle 95.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,

Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;

- Flee to him your only Saviour,
 In his mighty name confide;
 In the whole of your behaviour,
 Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you;
 Listen to his gracious voice;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice:
 Jesus says, "Let each believer
 "Be baptized in my name;"
 He himself in Jordan's river
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo! your captain leads the way:
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesu's grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

CCCCXLVI. (C. M.)

Charmouth 28. Matthew's 34.

The Believer constrained by the Love of CHRIST to follow him.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD, and will thy pardoning love
 Embrace a wretch so vile?
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
 And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
 And all its shame despis'd?
 And shall I be asham'd, O LORD,
 With thee to be baptiz'd?

- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?
- 4 Dear LORD, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

CCCCXLVII. (C. M.) DR. RYLAND.

Devizes 14. Otford 106.

Difficulties in the way of Duty surmounted—Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56.*

- 1 [WHEN Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.

- 2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay;
"Hinder me not," he quick reply'd,
"Since God hath crown'd my way."

- 3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when CHRIST the LORD
My soul to him did wed:
"Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes,
"Since God my way hath sped."

- 4 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet;"
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."

- 5 "Stay," Satan my old master cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"
"Hinder me not, I will be gone,
"My God has broke thy chain!"]

* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

- 6 In all my LORD's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Thro' duty and thro' trials too
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my IMMANUEL's land.
- 9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

CCCCXLVIII. (C. M.) J. STENNETT.

Bath Chapel 26. Huddersfield 202.

Immersion.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood;
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 LORD, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

CCCCXLIX! 8. 7. CCCC

Northampton Chapel 126.

Buried with CHRIST in Baptism, Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 JESUS, mighty king in Sion!
 Thou alone our guide shalt be;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee:

- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave;
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue;
 Buried with our LORD, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

CCCCCL. (L. M.) J. STENNETT.

Chard 175. Rochford 22.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod;
 And follow thro' his liquid grave
 The meek, the lowly SON of GOD!

- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire,
 Their rags for glorious robes exchanging,
 They shine in clean and bright attire!

- 3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
 Of JESUS we to own begin:
 This is our resurrection pledge,
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

- 4 Glory to GOD on high be given,
 Who shews his grace to sinful men:
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join their loud amen.

CCCCLI. (L. M.) GREGG.

Altered by B. FRANCIS.

Rippon's 188. Bredby 165. Horsley 205.

Not ashamed of CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of JESUS! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of JESUS! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of JESUS! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of JESUS! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not ashamed of me!
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws:]

BAPTISM.

452, 453.

CCCCII. (L. M.)

Bramcoate 8. New Court 173.

The Candidates—they were baptized, both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace has done;
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us thro'
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be deny'd,
Was not the LORD, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

CCCCIII. (C. M.) BEDDOME.

Bedford 91. Ann's 58.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side, Psalm cxix. 32.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel, as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,

- Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy:
Vain world, be gone; let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 4 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our All, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

CCCCLIV. (L. M.)

Ayliffe Street 241. Derby 169.

The Administrator.

- 1 "GO teach the nations and baptize,"
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries:
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their LORD.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 LORD, in thy house they seek thy face,
O blest them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM,*

CCCCLY—CCCCLXVII. (L. M.)

Old Hundred 100. Portugal 97.

WHATE'ER to thee, our LORD, belongs
Is always worthy of our songs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.

BEDDOME.

Hosanna to the church's head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

J. STENNETT.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners thro' the mystic flood!

BEDDOME.

Come, ye redeemed of the LORD,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

BEDDOME.

We to this place are come, to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

BEDDOME.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, thro' energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

* As it is now pretty common to sing by the water-side, and as some of our brethren in the country give out a verse or two, while they are administering the ordinance, it is hoped these single verses will be acceptable.

All ye that love IMMANUEL'S name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F. —

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
“Ye blessed of the LORD, come in.”

H. F. —

JESUS, my SAVIOUR and my all,
Me hinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
“Arise, my love, and come away.”

H. F. —

Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! no: dear LORD, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H. —

Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My JESUS in this way, was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. STERNETT.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Till the great rising day reveal
Th' immortal glory of his face.

G. —

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's blessings crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

CCCCCLXVIII. 148th.

Bethesda 112. Swithin's 44.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unblest'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

- 2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Receiv'd the holy rite;
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

- 3 The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shewn such grace,
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesu's head the heavenly beam.

- 4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine,
Do thou our souls inspire!
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons
"Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

CCCCCLXIX. (C. M.) JAMES NEWTON.

Crowley. James's 163.

After Baptism, Mark xvi. 16.

- 1 "P^{roclaim,}" saith CHRIST, "my wondrous
"To all the sons of men; [grace
"He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
"Salvation shall obtain."

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That JESUS is their LORD.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the christian race;
And thro' the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

CCCCLXX. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Charleston 195. Hammond 226.

A practical Improvement of Baptism; Col. iii. 1.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With CHRIST your LORD ye live anew,
With CHRIST ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your Forerunner there.
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasures lies,
And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
LORD, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

CCCCCLXXI. (C. M.) BEDDOME.

New York 33. Sprague 166.

*The Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on
his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 9.*

- 1 **T**HE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?
- 2 " Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
" Of whom I lately read?
" Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
" Was number'd with the dead?
- 3 " Is he who, bursting from the grave,
" Now reigns above the sky,
" My Advocate before the throne,
" My portion when I die?
- 4 " Have I profess'd his holy name?
" Do I his Gospel bear
" To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
" And shall I spread it there?
- 5 " Bless'd pool! in which I lately lay,
" And left my fears behind;
" What an unworthy wretch am I!
" And God profusely kind.
- 6 " Bless'd emblem of that precious blood—
" Which satisfy'd for sin;
" And of that renovating grace,
" Which makes the conscience clean."
- 7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy
Help us to keep in view;
The same our work, the same, O make
Our consolation too.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

CCCCLXXII. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Ayliffe Street 241. Bramcoate 81

*A preparatory Thought for the LORD'S Supper, in
Imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1—3.*

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The LORD! the SAVIOUR! Yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious MAN that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine!
LORD! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the LORD;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

CCCCCLXXIII. (C. M.) STEELE.

Irish 171. Braintree 25.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, JESUS stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the sordid depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

474, 475. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

CCCCLXXIV. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Yarmouth 128. Dresden 178. Rowles 73.

CHRIST *dying, rising, and reigning.*

1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come! saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
JESUS the dead revives again!
The rising GOD forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
"And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

CCCCLXXV. (C. M.) J. STENNETT.

Liverpool 83. Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 **J**ESUS! O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news! what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

476.

- 2 Our souls, all guilty, and condemn'd,
In hopeleſs fetters lay;
Our ſouls, with numerous ſins deprav'd,
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 JESUS, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his croſs triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to deſtroy:
He mighty was to ſave,
He died, but could not long be held
A priſoner in the grave.
- 5 JESUS! who mighty art to ſave,
Still puſh thy conqueſts on;
Extend the triumphs of thy croſs,
Where'er the ſun has ſhone.
- 6 O Captain of ſalvation! make
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worſhip at thy throne.

CCCCCLXXVI. (L. M.) J. STENNETT.

Chard 175. Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day,
On which our deareſt Lord was ſlain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
'Till he appear on earth again.
- 2 Come, gaeat Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting ſky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's ſwift pinions fly.

- 3 Come, King of Kings, with thy bright train;
 Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
 As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, LORD, and where thy cross once stood,
 There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
 Subdue the rebels by thy word,
 And claim the nations for thy own.

CCCCLXXVII. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

- 1 **J**ESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
 Beholds thy wond'rous sacrifice,
 Love rises to an ardent flame,
 And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections who can see
 The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
 Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
 Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?
- 3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
 The breach how large, how deep, how wide!
 Thence issues forth a double flood,
 Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.
- 4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
 To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
 Immortal joys come streaming down,
 Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown!
- 5 Thus I could sit and ever sing
 The sufferings of my heavenly King;
 With growing pleasures spread abroad
 The mysteries of a dying God.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

478.

CCCCLXXVIII. (L. M.)

Wareham n17. Green's Hundred 89.

Meditating on the Cross of CHRIST.

- 1 COME see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.
- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 3 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' unperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.
- 5 JESUS, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.
- 6 That tree, that curs'd empoison'd tree,
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 7 The sorrow, shame, and death were Thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

CCCCLXXIX. (L. M.) D. TURNER.

Old Hundred 100. Angel's Hymn 60.

*Set him above all Principalities and Powers—Worthy
is the Lamb that was slain to receive Glory and
Blessing; Ephes. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.*

- 1 **N**OW far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power;
Fly thro' the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 Satan and all his rebel crew:—
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.
- 4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controuls;
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]
- 5 Tho' in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world, or time, began,
He shines the SON OF GOD confess'd,
Yet owns himself the SON OF MAN.
- 6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.
- 7 All hail! thou great IMMANUEL, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

- 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
 On earth thy regal honours raise,
 The full salvation promis'd, bring,
 Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

CCCCCLXXX. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Ayliffe Street 241. Redemption 243.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

- 1 **N**OW let our faith grow strong, and rise,
 And view our LORD in all his love;
 Look back to hear his dying cries,
 Then mount and see his throne above.
- 2 See where he languish'd on the cross;
 Beneath our sins he groan'd and died;
 See where he sits to plead our cause,
 By his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
 There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
 He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
 And seals our pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills,
 Where the dear Cong'reg sits enthron'd;
 Still in his heart compassion dwells,
 Near the memorials of his wound.
- 5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
 How much they love their dying God?
 LORD, here we'd banish every foe,
 We hate the sins that cost thy blood.
- 6 Commerce no more we hold with hell;
 Our dearest lusts shall all depart;
 But let thine image ever dwell,
 Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

CCCCCLXXXI. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

- 1 NO more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.
- 2 In every feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays;
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly-mingled rays.
- 3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
Thy empire, LORD, o'er worlds extends;
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire;
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night;
And angels from the scene retire.
- 5 But why from these sad scenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.
- 6 The indignation of a God
On him avenging justice hurl'd:
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly sav'd a falling world.
- 7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart:
LORD, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart!

CCCCCLXXXII. (C. M.) Dr. J. STENNETT

Wantage 204. Burford 198.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place;—
- 2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood;
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My JESUS bids me come,
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
LORD, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?
- 6 Ye faints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours,
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear LORD,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony;

CCCCCLXXXIII. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Bangor 231. Workshop 31.

My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53—55.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us, thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
These heart-reviving joys.
- 4 His body torn with rudest hands
Becomes the finest bread:
And, with the blessing he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 5 His blood, that from each opening vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with generous wine,
That cheers both God and man.
- 6 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well thou mayst claim that heart of mine,
Which owes so much to thine.
- 7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all:
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 484, 485.

CCCCCLXXXIV. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Portugal 97. Ulverston 179.

JESUS wept—he died—see how he loved us, John xi. 35.

- 1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could JESUS do?
- 2 Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame:
Oun heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

CCCCCLXXXV. (C. M.) STEELE.

Wantage 204. Charmouth 28.

The Wonders of Redemption.

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!

486 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,

And rebels brought to God.

5 JESUS, my soul adoring bends

To love so full, so free;

And may I hope that love extends

Its sacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart

For favours so divine?

O take my all—this worthless heart,

And make it only thine.

CCCCCLXXXVI. (G. M.) Dr. Doddridge.

Irishtown, Michael's 10.

Room at the Gospel Hall, Luke 14.

1 THE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;

Not paradise, with all its joys,

Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,

And endless life, are given;

Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed

To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd

In sin's dark mazes, come;

Come, from your most obscure retreats

And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,

Were fed, and feasted here;

And millions more, still on the way,

Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and hearth so large,

That millions more may come;

Not could the whole assembled world

O'erfill the spacious room.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 487, 488.

- 6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

CCCCCLXXXVII. (L. M.) STEELE.

—Warrham 117. Bichford 22.

Communion with CHRIST at his Table.

- 1 **T**O JESUS, our exalted LORD,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

- 2 But all the notes, which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

- 5 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow,
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

CCCCCLXXXVII. (G. M.) STEELE.

Liverpool 82. Oxford 177.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal Name!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?

What mortal tongue display?

Imagination's utmost stretch

In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,

Left the bright realms of bliss,

And came to earth to bleed and die—

Was ever love like this?

4 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay

Our humble thanks to thee;

May every heart with rapture say,

"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme

Fill every heart and tongue:

Till strangers love thy charming name,

And join the sacred song.

CCCCCLXXXIX. 148th. DR. S. STENNIS.

Carmarthen New 25. Swithin's 44.

A Song of Praise to CHRIST.

1 COME, every pious heart

That loves the Saviour's name,

Your noblest powers exert

To celebrate his fame.

Tell all above, and all below,

The debt of love to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for God,

And such his love for you,

He nobly undertook

What Gabriel could not do!

His every deed of love and grace

All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside:
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love:
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give!
The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive:

CCCCXC. (L. M.) PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Portugal 97. Horsley 205. Rowles 73.

Self-Dedication at the Lord's Table.

1 **L**ORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
LORD, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine thro' all eternity.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

CCCCXCI. (C. M.)

Bedford 91. Foster 96.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **T**O thee, let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply!
And I that hand adore!
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart!
And without guilt be gay!
- 4 Affliction should thy love attend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!
- 5 Be this, and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

CCCCXCII. (C. M.) D. TURNER.

Braintree 25. Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
And stores of darkness lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

- 2 And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thinking hands supplied,
A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

CCCCXCIII. 8. 8. 6. W.

Chatham 99. Broadmead 151

Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile!—what shall I say?
I live to see another day,
O let me live to thee!
A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be?
- 2 Eye has not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Jesus hath for his prepar'd;
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou hast commanded me, to-day,
To live by faith, and to obey;
Lord, help me to believe.

CCCCXCIV

(S. M.)

S. M.

Sutton 149

Price's 187

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing,
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near!
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, LORD, to me,
All worthless as I am!
- 5 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would now
Devote, O LORD, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

CCCCXCV. (L. M.)

Madan's 107. Ulverston 179.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gentle rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus: his dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

CCCCXCVI. (L. M.) Br. Ken.

Magdalene 214. Ayliffe Street 241.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That, with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

497. TIMES AND SEASONS.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, &c.

CCCCXCVII. (C. M.) M

Irish 171. Great Milton: 212.

An Evening Hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts

Let flames of love arise;

Affist us, LORD, to offer up

Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd

Have made up all this day;

Minutes came quickly but mercies were

More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,

Do a new song require;

Till we shall praise thee as we would,

Accept our hearts desire.

4 LORD of our days, whose hand hath set

New time upon the score;

Thee may we praise for all our time,

When time shall be no more.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

CCCCXCVIII. (C. M.) NEEDHAM.

Michael's 119. Evans's 190.

On the Spring.

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolv'd and gone;
Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new livery on.
- 2 Where awful desolation reigned
Bless'd plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a smile to see
Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies;
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.
- 5 My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power:
Behold the God in every plant,
In every opening flower.
- 6 Yet in his word, the God of grace
Has wrote his fairer name;
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.
- 7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into Spring,
And be the glory thine.

CCCCXCIX. (S. M.)

Mansfield 154. Finibury 155.

The Return of the Spring celebrated.

1 FROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears,
With blooming beauty grac'd.

2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the solar beams!
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 Great God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.

4 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine; and herb and corn,
For men, enrich the land.

5 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Thro' endless ages run.

D. (C. M.)

Braintree 25. Foffer 95. Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

1 BEHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers
Beauteous around us spring:
The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
Invite our hearts to sing.

- 3 But ah! in vain I strive to join
Opprest with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still, within,
Tho' all is spring without.
- 4 O! would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and mine,
No creature then more bless than I,
No song more loud than mine.
- 5 LORD, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

DI. (C. M.) DR. GIBBONS.

Abridge 201. Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

- 1 **T**HE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms, and flowers,
To adorn her reign, appear.
- 2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.
- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That, from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round.
- 4 At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires,
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

- 5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven arounds
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, LORD, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging fires relent,
And showers of mercy send!

DII. (C. M.)

Ann's 58. Workshop 31

On a Year of threatening Rain.

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, LORD, from year to year,
Our land with plenty crown'd!
And generous fruit and golden grain
Have spread their riches round.
- 2 But we thy mercies have abus'd
To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times!
- 3 Equal, tho' awful, is the doom,
That fierce descending rain
Should into inundations swell,
And crush the rising grain!
- 4 How just, that in the autumn's reign,
When we had hop'd to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
Should lie an hideous heap!
- 5 But, LORD, have mercy on our land,
Those floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
Shine in unclouded day!

- 6 To thee alone we look for help;
None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

DIHI. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Old Hundred 100. Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

- 1 **O** THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!
- 2 He speaks; and, lo! all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow,
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows thro'.
- 3 Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.
- 4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas thro'.
- 5 Celestial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.
- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play.
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

504, 505. TIME OF HARVEST.

DIV. (C. M.)

Devizes 14. Evans's 190.

While *Summer—an Harvest Hymn.*

1 **T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

DV. (C. M.)

Abridge 201. Charnouth 281.

Harvest—or, the accepted Time and Day of Salvation,

Prov. x. 5.

1 **S**EE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, thro' all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
To-morrow, Folly cries;
And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!
To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

DVI. (C. M.) STEELE.

Workop 31. Crowle 3.
Winter.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart—
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

- 6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

DVII. (L. M.) NEWTON.

New Sabbath 122. Rutwell 174.

Winter.

- 1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the trees and seal'd the ground;
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?
- 3 JESUS, my glorious sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love!
- 4 Dear LORD, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?
- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain.
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

NEW YEAR'S DAY 508, 509.

DYHL (L. M.)

Gloucester 12. Openings 45.

The Seasons crowned with Godings, Psalm lxy. 17

ETERNAL source of every joy

Well may thy praise our lips employ,

While in thy temple we appear

To hail thee, sovereign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,

Thy hand supports and guides the whole!

The sun is taught by thee to rise,

And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at thy command,

Perfumes the air and paints the land,

The summer rays with vigour shine,

To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours

Thro' all our coasts redundant stores

And winters, softened by thy care,

No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,

Demand successive songs of praise:

And be the grateful homage paid,

With morning light and evening shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,

And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,

Till to those lofty heights we soar,

Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

DIX. 8. 7. ROBINSON.

Jewin Street 222. Westminster 210.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenzer, 1 am. viii. 12.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,

Tune my heart to sing thy grace,

- Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love;
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood;
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

DX. (L. M.)

New Sabbath 121. Antigua 120.

Help obtained of God, Acts xxv. 22.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand:
 The opening year thy mercy shows;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

DXI. (L. M.) S—

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree; Luke xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?
- 4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Thro' life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

DXII. 7^s. FAWCETT.

Alcester 213. Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign;
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour;
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

WEDDING.

DXIII. (C. M.)

New York 33 Miall 2402

A Wedding Hymn.

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
O LORD, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine!
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

DXIV. (L. M.) NEWTON.

Bramcoate 8. Rowles 73.

A Welcome to Christian Friends—At Meeting.

- 1 **K**INDRED in CHRIST, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

DXV. 7.

Cookham 36. Hotham 224.

At Parting.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

MEETING AND PARTING. 817 5162

2 JESUS, hear our humble prayer!

Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!

Let thy mercy and thy care

All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,

Sweeten every cross and pain;

Give us, if we live, ere long

In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then if thou thy help afford,

Ebenezers shall be rear'd;

And our souls shall praise the Lord,

Who our poor petitions heard.

DXVI. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Magdalene 214. Portugal 97.

The Christian Farewell, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,

Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;

Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,

In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,

Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;

When absent, happy if we share

Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,

And seek our comforts near thy feet;

Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,

And guard, and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,

Again to pay our thankful vows;

Or, if that joy no more be known,

Give us to meet around thy throne.

DXVII. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Ulverston 179. Lewton 30.

Early Piety, Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown:
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossom into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.
- 5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Tho' press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

DXVIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Salem 139. Foster 96. Evans's 190.

The Encouragement young Persons have to seek CHRIST,
Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,

- And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, LORD of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, LORD, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in CHRIST I see!
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

DXIX. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Great Milton 212. Sprague 166.

Seek first the Kingdom of God, Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breasts,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away each groveling anxious care,
Beneath a christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

DXX. (L. M.) DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Green's Hundred 89. Ulverston 179.

A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven, Mark x. 21.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell command, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now?
- 3 But mark the change: thus spake the LORD,
“Come part with earth for heaven to-day:”
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let CHRIST, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure.
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

DXXI. (S. M.) FAWCETT.

Eagle Street New 55. Harborough 142.

How shall a young Man cleanse his Way? Pf. cxix. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My GOD, to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O GOD, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this thro' all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

DXXII. 8. 8. 6. D. BRADBERRY'S, altered.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Broadmead 150. Chatham 50.

The Importance of educating Youth.

CONGREGATION.

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise
 A cheerful anthem to his praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Let music, sweet as incense, rise
 With grateful odours to the skies,
 The work of joy and love.

CHILDREN.

- 2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
 Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
 Or slight thy providence;
 When lost in ignorance we lay,
 To vice and death an easy prey,
 Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

CONGREGATION.

- 3 O what a num'rous race we see,
 In ignorance and misery,
 Unprincipled, untaught!
 Shall they *continue* still to lie
 In ignorance and misery?
 We cannot bear the thoughts.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Give, LORD, each liberal soul to prove
 The joys of thine exhaustless love;
 And while thy praise we sing,
 May we the sacred scriptures know,
 And like the blessed Jesus grow,
 That earth and heaven may ring

YOUTH EDUCATED.

5232

CONGREGATION.

- 5 We feel a sympathizing heart ;
 LORD, 'tis a pleasure to impart ;
 To thee thine own we give :
 Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
 O let these children live to thee,
 O let these children live.

DXXIII. (C. M.) J. STRAPHAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Bath Chapel 26. Crowle 3.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of whose hands
 Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads;
 O! may each tender bosom move
 When mercy intercedes.
- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth,
 And lead the mind that went astray
 To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lip his name,
 And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty God! thy influence shed
 To aid this good design,
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

DXXIV. (C. M.)

Bangor 231. Wantage 204.

Old Age approaching; or, Man frail and mortal.

- 1 **E**THERNAL GOD, enthron'd on high!
Whom angel-hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O **g**uide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years, time urges on,
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?
- 5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.
- 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay.
- 7 Thro' heaven, however remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

DAYS OF HUMILIATION. 525:

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

DXXV. (C. M.)

Carolina 13. Windsor 247.

For a Public Fast.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand;
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear!"
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Thro' this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine;
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty LORD,
By thy relentless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

- 8 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God is near.

DXXVI. (C. M.) S — — — .

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

A Hymn for a Fast-day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;
2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The LORD would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?
4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost?
5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?
6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blest'd our land;
Forfake us not, O God.

DXXVII. (L. M.) STEELE.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.

On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a just, a holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our souls thy grace adore,
May JESUS plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the LORD be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.
- 5 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble prayer!
Again be mercy thy delight!
- 6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 7 O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more;
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore?

- 8 When shall the Gospel's healing ray
(Kind source of amity divine)
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, LORD, be thine?

DXXVIII. (L. M.) PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Paul's 246. Dresden 178.

*National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies
pleaded, Amos iii. 1—6.*

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O LORD,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly;
To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee our guardian, GOD, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there,
And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

DAYS OF THANKSGIVING. 529.

DXXIX. (C. M.)

Cambridge New 74. Irish 171.

Thanksgiving for Victory over our Enemies.

- 1 **T**O thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successes owe.
- 2 The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And victory flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,
When we our foes assail'd;
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers,
Into our hands are given,
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But thro' the grace of heaven.
- 5 What tho' no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful tongues shall raise.
- 6 To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown;
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.
- 7 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threatening dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge, and their home.

DXXX. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Derby 169. Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

- 1 **O**N Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and shame;
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secured,
And commerce lift its fainting head:
- 3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O LORD, a sinking land;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

DXXXI. (L. M.)

Wareham 117. Redemption 243. Old Hundred 100.

Praise for national Peace, Psalm xlv. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,

DAYS OF THANKSGIVING. 532.

- And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains ;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r :
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled !)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD,
All move subservient to thy will ;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

DXXXII. (L. M.)

Horsley 205. Bramcoate 8.

Thanksgiving for national Deliverance, and Improvement of it. Luke i. 74, 75.

- 1 PRAISE to the LORD, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And, tho' deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 Salvation doth to God belong ;
His power and grace shall be our song ;
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our king !
- 3 Our temples, guarded from the flames,
Shall echo thy triumphant name ;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

- 4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd fight;
Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

DXXXIII. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Wells 102. Redemption 243.

Delivering Goodness acknowledged, 2 Cor. i. 10.

A Song for the 5th of November.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand,
So oft reveal'd hath sav'd our land;
And, when united nations rose,
Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest foes.
- 2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath dispers'd them all with ease
And sunk their terrors in the seas *.
- 3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare;
He shot from heaven a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day †.
- 4 Princes and priests again combine,
New chains to forge, new snares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.
- 5 Obedient winds at his command
Convey his hero † to our land;
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight when none pursue.
- 6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.

* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gunpowder Plot.

‡ King William 1688.

DELIVERANCES—LOYALTY
DAYS OF THANKSGIVING. 534.

- 7 In thee we trust, almighty LORD,
Continu'd rescue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

DXXXIV. (L. M.) STEELE.

Ayliffe Street 241. Langdon 217.

For the 5th of November.

- 1 **T**O thee, almighty God, we bring
The humble tribute of our songs;
O teach our thankful hearts to sing,
Or praise will languish on our tongues.
- 2 While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
Recalls the wonders God hath wrought;
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture every thought.
- 3 When hell and Rome combin'd their power,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
Their impious plots in ruin lay.
- 4 Again our restless cruel foes
Resum'd, avow'd their black design;
Again to save us God arose,
And Britain own'd the hand divine.
- 5 Why, gracious God, is Britain sav'd?
Why blest'd with liberty and light?
Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
Nor lost in superstition's night?
- 6 Not for our sake, we conscious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
'Tis done to make thy glory known;
To shew the wonders of thy grace.

535. TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 7 The wonders of thy grace complete ;
Reform this wretched, guilty land !
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand !
- 8 Let every age adore thy name,
While nature's circling wheels shall roll,
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

DXXXV. (L. M.)

New Court 173. Truro 105.

Deliverances, Numbers xxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**HAT hath God wrought ! might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 What hath God wrought ! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.
- 3 What hath God wrought ! let Britain see,
Freed from the plagues of Popery,
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.
- 4 What hath God wrought ! in glad surprise,
Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies,
When, like a mill-stone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.
- 5 What hath God wrought ! O blissful theme !
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him ?
Shall we be led the desert thro'—
And safe arrive at glory too ?

- 6 The news shall every harp employ,
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
When shall we join the heavenly throng,
To swell the triumph and the song!

DXXXVI. 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59. Broadmead 150.

*Prayer for his Majesty King GEORGE, and the
Royal Family.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers:
And, lo! we humbly pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

- 2 **J**ESUS, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head,
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease;
Thro' paths of righteousness and peace,
Our King, propitious lead.

- 3 **C**over his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain;
Preserve him, Providence divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

- 4 **U**PON him shower thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joys;
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
And praise THE GLOBE employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

DXXXVH. (C.M.) STEELE.

Charmouth 28. Ludlow 84.

Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction..

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress'd
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 4 My LORD, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclothed beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.
- 6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 7 LORD, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

SICKNESS.

538.

- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

DXXXVIII. (C. M.) DR. WATTS.

Abridge 201. David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are thy ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease;
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.
- 5 [How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confin'd?
Damp'd is my vigour while this cloud
Hangs heavy on my mind.]
- 6 Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

DXXXIX. (C. M.) LEECH.

Windfor 247. London 180.

For a Time of general Sickneſs.

- 1 **D**EATH, with his dread commiſſion ſeal'd,
Now haſtens to his arms;
In awful ſtate he takes the field,
And ſounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Attendant plagues around him ſtand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains, and dying groans, obey
The ſignal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force he ſcatters round
His ſhafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits its deſtin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye heirs of endleſs joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth ſhall fail.
- 5 What tho' his darts, promiſcuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcaſes
O'erload the cumber'd ground;
- 6 The arrows that ſhall wound your fleſh,
Were given him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.
- 7 Theſe, with a gentle hand he throws,
And ſaints lie gaſping too;
But heavenly ſtrength ſupports their ſouls;
And bears them conquerors thro'.

RECOVERY. 540, 541.

- 8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise
To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies.

DXL. (S. M.) BEDDOME.

Harborough 142M Stoke 207

Submission under Affliction.

- 1 **D**OST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, Pll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
2 Dost thou thro' death's dark vale
Conduct to heaven at last? I
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.
3 **L**ORD, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

DXLI. (L. M.)

Portugal 07. Ripponts 183

Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **A**WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till Jesus gave me back my life;
My life?—my soul, recal the word,
'Tis life to see thy gracious LORD.
2 Why inconvenient now to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be
My loving LORD, to come to thee?
3 He saw me made the sport of hell,
He knew the tempter's malice well;
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious SUN appear!

542. TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 4 O bless him!—bless, ye dying saints,
The God of grace when nature faints!
He shew'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To shew me he had power to save.

DXL. (S.M.) BEDDOME.
DXLII. (O. M.) Dr. DONN.

David's 186. Newbury 1132.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness. Pl. 186. 19.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chastening stroke;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath:
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant even in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Those heavenly gates display;
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd
With raptures bow around;
My anthems to thy glory raise,
In sweeter strains than sound.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

DXLIII. (L. M.) STEELE.

Kingbridge 88. Ulverston 179.

The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man, Ps. xxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears.
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine,
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

DXLIV. (L. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's 246. Babylon Streams 23.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time, Eph. v. 16.

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Loft in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

545. TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
We gaze in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

DXLV. 7^s. DR. RYLAND

Stoel 164. Cookham 36.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the Disposal of his God
My Times are in thy Hand, Ps. xxxi. 15. xxxiv. 1.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my time shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come and last and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O thou gracious, wise, and just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.
- 9 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

DXLVI. (C. M.) STEELE.

Workshop 31. Crowle 3.

Time and Eternity; or, longing after unseen Pleasures.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 LORD, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim!
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wings,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

DXLVII. (S. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Gosport 53. Henley 38.

Divine Mercies in constant Succession, Lam. iii. 22, 23.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new,
 Are thy compassions, LORD!
 Each morning shall thy mercy shew,
 Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
 Dawn'd on our early days,
 Ere infant reason had begun
 To form our lips to praise.

- 3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes:
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refin'd
Await that blest day
When light shall arise upon our mind
And chas'd our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.
- 6 Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.
- 7 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh
Be drown'd in endless light.
- 8 Beneath thy balmy wing
O Son of righteousness,
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.
- 9 Nor shall that radiant day
So joyfully begun
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.
- 10 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

DXLVIII. (L. M.)

Wareham 117. Horley 205.

Eternity joyful and tremendous!

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sands,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity, tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But O! if **CHRIST** and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with **GOD**!
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain!
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious **GOD**, remove,
Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, **LORD**, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

DXLIX. 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59.

A Prayer for Seriousness in Prospect of Eternity.

- 1 **T**HOU **GOD** of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry:
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or—shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late,
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom !
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure !
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure !
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

DEATH.

DL. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Canterbury 199. London 180.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here *!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.
- 4 But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity!
- 5 O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bays,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

* Bunhill Fields.

DEATH

551.

- 7 " Prepare us, LORD, for thy right hand,
" Then come the joyful day,
" Come, death, and some celestial band,
" To bear our souls away."

DLI. 148th. TOTTENHAM'S COLLECTION.

Eagle Street 16. Clapham 18.

The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wile,
Oil in your vessels take:

Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh!
2 **H**e comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all.

Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your free reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your LORD.

- 3 **G**od meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend:
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:

Ye pure in heart : obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face:

- 4 **Y**e, that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit live,
And thirsted for his love:

Jesus shall claim you for his brides,
Rejoice with all the sanctified

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our IMMANUEL'S breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel-powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With GOD eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our LORD appear,
May we be watching found!
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the Bride shall ever shine.

DLII. (C. M.)

Windsor 247. Charmouth 28.

Victory over Death through CHRIST, 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 **W**HEN Death appears before my fight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious leader nigh!
My LORD, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
He met the tyrant's dart,
And (O, amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

DEATH.

553

- 4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost;
Thy night, the gates of day.
- 5 LORD, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust:
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.
- 7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb:
- 8 O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

DLIII. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS

Newbury 132. Carolina 13.

The welcome Messenger.

- 1 LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;
- 2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

- 3 Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place;
For when grim Death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.
- 4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.
- 5 O! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And Death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.
- 6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.
- 7 I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares
Amid those heavenly charms.
- 8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch, and soar away.

DLIV. (L. M.) DR. DODD RIDGE.

Portugal 97. Bramcoate 8.

Desiring to depart and be with Christ. Phil. i. 23

1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
And fain my much-lov'd Lord to see.

- Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrims home!
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing,
Performing with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight:
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

DLV. (C. M.) Dr. WATTS'S LYRICS.

James's 153. Ehm 151.

*The Presence of God worth dying for; or the Death
of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of expiring grace
The happy region fill.

- 4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God!
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die:"
The prophet climb'd—and died.
- 6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, LORD, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

DLVI. (L. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Exeter 4. Stillman 66.

Children dying in their Infancy in the Arms of Jesus
Matt. xix. 14.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest LORD,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest."

- 4 " Death may the bands of life unloose,
 " But can't dissolve my love:
 " Millions of infant-souls compose
 " The family above:
 5 " Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
 " And mould with heavenly skill:
 " I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 " And hands to do my will:
 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine;
 Dear SAVIOUR, O! we hate and hate
 Shall be for ever thine.

DLVII. (C. M.) STEELE.

Canterbury 109. Carolina 13.

At the Funeral of a young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's relentless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, impress
 With awful power, — I too must die,
 Sink deep in every breast.
 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
 Behold the gaping tomb:
 It bids us seize the present hour:
 To-morrow death may come.
 4 The voice of this alarming scene
 May every heart obey;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5. O let us fly to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

DLVIII. (C. M.) Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26 Cromle 3.

*Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of
 their Children, Isaiah lvi. 4.*

- 1 YE mourning faints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead;
 Say not, in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with joy and reverence view
 A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Tho', your young branches torn away,
 Like withered trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
 "In my own house a place:
 "No names of daughters and of sons
 "Could yield to high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is every hope
 "A rising race can give;
 "In endless honour and delight
 "My children all shall live.

- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts,
Prepare a way for thee.

DLIX. (L. M.) FAWCETT.

Angels' Hymn 60. Dresden 178.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Prefages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest:
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss,
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smoothes his passage to the tomb.
- 6 **L**ORD, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

DLX. 164th.

Hanover 130. Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

On the Death of a Believer.

- 1 [**T**IS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled,
Our brother is gone, the christian is dead;
The christian is living in Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise are, Jesus's due;
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro':
Triumphantly glorious, thro' Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and hell.]
- 3 * Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord, with shoutings proclaim:
Who trust in his passion, and follow their head,
To certain salvation shall surely be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there,
Where dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.
- 5 Within us display thy love, when we die,
And bear us away to mansions on high:
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

DLXI. (S. M.) *TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.*

Broderip's 252. Ryland 48.

Preparation for Death, Matt. xxiv. 45.

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

* If the three last Verses of this Hymn be sung alone,
then begin Verse the third, thus;

Now let us record the conquering name.

- 2 In CHRIST'S obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

DLXII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Carolina 13. Worktop 31.

Departed Saints asleep, Mark v. 39. 1. Thess. iv. 13.

- 1 " **W**HY flow these torrents of distress?
(The gentle Saviour cries)
" Why are my sleeping saints surer'd
" With unbelieving eyes?
- 2 " Death's feeble arm shall never boast,
" A friend of **CHRIST** is slain;
" Nor o'er their meaner part in dust
" A lasting power retain.
- 3 " I come, on wings of love, I come,
" The slumberers to awake;
" My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
" And all its bonds shall break.
- 4 " Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,
" They rise, to sleep no more;
" But rob'd with light, and crown'd with joy,
" To endless day they soar."
- 5 **JESUS**, our faith receives thy word,
And, tho' fond nature weep,

Grace learns to hail the pious dead;

And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,

With them to rest and praise;

So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer

These separating days.

DLXIII. (C. M.) DR. DODDRIDGE.

Abridge 201. Charmouth 28.

Submission under bereaving Providence, Psalm xli. 10.

1 **P**EACE.—'Tis the LORD Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;

Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,

Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice,

Yet scatters, with unnumber'd hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he
In CHRIST our bleeding LORD;

Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;

And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now!

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;

And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

DLXIV. (L.M.) Unversion 175. Fawcett 184.

Satisfaction in God under the Loss of dear Friends.

- 1 **T**HE God of love will surely indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around;
When tender friends and kindred die.
2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.
3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail. DLXV

- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
5 Our father God, to thee we look
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;
And on thy covenant-love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

DLXVI. (C.M.) Dr. Doddridge.

Wisdom 2:23. "For by thee O Lord, was created death."

Death and Judgment appointed us, Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 **D**EATH has commanded the great decree,
That Adam's race should all be there;
One general ruin subdues them down,
And low in dust they all are thrown.
2 Ye living now, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral bell.

38 Once you must die, and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heaven or hell attend
On that important day.

4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see,
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

DLXVI. (C.M.) Dr. DODDGE

Ann's 5 B. Charnmouth 28.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry,
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?

What tho' the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,

The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart

His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the LORD,
 "My church shall safe abide;
 "For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 "Whose souls in me confide."

- 6 Thro' every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

DLXVII. 8. 7. 4.

Jordan 81. Painfulwick 162.

*The Grave; or, CHRIST a Guide through Death to
 Glory.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;

Bread of heaven,

Feed me all I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow

Let the fiery cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey thro'

Strong deliverer,

Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,

Bid my anxious fears subside;

Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,

Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Songs of praise

I will ever give to thee.

THE RESURRECTION OF
THE BODY

4 Table
Must walk
And even
Carolina 13. Windsor 247.

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised by the Spirit, Rom. viii. 11.

1 WHY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?

Or why should streams of tears unite

Around th' expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord, our Saviour die,

And triumph o'er the grave?

Did not our Lord ascend on high

And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,

And dwell in all the saints?

And should the temples of his grace

Resound with long complaints?

4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun

Burst thro' each sable cloud;

And thou, my voice, that broke with noise,

Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,

When he had bled for me;

And, spite of death and hell, shall raise

Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust.

Your hymns of victory sing;

And let his dying servants trust

Their ever-living King.

DLXIX. (C. M.) DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Canterbury 199. Evans's 190.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey:
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning king
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

DLXX. (L. M.) PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Angels' Hymn 60. Wareham 117.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature,

Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

1 **H**OW great, how terrible, that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all Nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O for ever lost.

4 But, faints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

DLXXI. (L. M.)

Paul's 246. Angels' Hymn 600.

The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

JUDGMENT.

57472

- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 LORD, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

DLXXII. (S. M.) (DR. DODDRIDGE.

Whitefield 168. Aynhoe 108.

The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked,

And hills of Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, thro' the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."

- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

DLXXIII. (C. M.) (DR. DODDRIDGE.)

Canterbury 196. Windsor 247. W

The Final Sentence and Happiness of the Righteous.
Matt. xxv. 31-46.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.
- 2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driven;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to Heaven:
- 3 " Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
" Receive the great reward;
" And rise, with raptures, to possess
" The kingdom love prepar'd.

- 4 " Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
 " His sov'reign purpose wrought,
 " And reared those palaces divine,
 " To which you now are brought.
- 5 " There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
 " Protected by my power;
 " While sin and death, and pains and cares,
 " Shall vex your souls no more."
- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
 This jubilee proclaim;
 And teach us language fit to praise
 So great, so dear a name.

DLXXIV.

(L.M.)

DR. WATTS'S LYRICS.

Portugal 97. Rippon's 188.

Come, LORD JESUS.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
 When shall our eyes behold our God?
 What lengths of distance lie between?
 And hills of guilt? A heavy load!
- 2 Our months are ages of delay,
 And slowly every minute wears;
 Fly, winged time, and roll away
 These tedious rounds of lengthen'd years.
- 3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
 Let the eternal pillars bow;
 Blest SAVIOUR, cleave the starry plains,
 And make the crystal mountains flow.
- 4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
 And pray and wait the general doom;
 Come, thou, THE SOUL OF ALL OUR JOYS,
 Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS; come.

- 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

- 5 But ere that trumpet sounds,
The man of sin, the man of sin,
Mark, from the east, the man of sin,
What shall vex your souls no more.

- 6 Ye sinners, come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
Whose wrath, whose love, whose love, whose love,
Fly to the shelter of his love, whose love,
And teach us language fit to praise.

- 6 Westbury 51. Trevecca 37.
Lo, he cometh.

- 1 O! he cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted head.

- 7 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds;

- 2 They who pierc'd him
Shall at his appearance wait.

- 3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear:
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear:

- 3 Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

- 4 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
"Enter into life and joy;

- 4 "Banish all your fears and sorrows,
"Endless praise be your employ;

- 4 Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, to the skies.

- 4 Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, to the skies.

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Welcome, welcome, to the skies.

JUDGMENT.

576.

- 5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing:
 Hallelujah,
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

DLXXVI. 8. 7. 4

Helmley 223. Trevecca 37.

Judgment, Rev. i. 7. vi. 14—17. xxii. 17, 29.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah,
 Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment! come away!
- 4 Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
 Hasten, LORD, the general doom!
 The new heaven and earth tinherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory:
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

DLXXVII. 8. 7. 4. NEWTON.

Helmley 223. Painswick 162.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round.
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken,
 By his looks, prepare to flee;
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?

- 4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprize your trembling heart;
When you hear your condemnation,
“Hence, accursed wretch, depart
“Thou with Satan
“And his angels, have thy part!”

- 5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;
He will say, “Come near, ye blessed,
“See the kingdom I bestow,
“You for ever
“Shall my love and glory know.”

- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise;
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

DLXXVIII. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Canterbury 199. Charmouth 28.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 “**H**E comes! he comes! to judge the world,”
Aloud th' archangel cries:
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies;
2 The affrighted nations hear the sound;
And upward lift their eyes;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame;
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his victories tell:
Lo! in his hand the conq'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 "Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injured Jesus cries,
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
A loud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:
- 10 "Well done, my good and faithful son,
The children of my love;
Receive the sceptres, crowns and robes,
Prepar'd for you above.

HELL AND HEAVEN

DLXXIX. 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59.

Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

1 **W**HEN thou my righteous Judge shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all;

But can I bear the piercing thought!
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;

Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place.

In this th' accepted day,

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,

To still my unbelieving fear;

Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,

Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,

To see thy smiling face;

Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,

While heaven's resounding mansions ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

DLXXX. (C. M.) Dr. RYLAND.

Workshop 3^r. London 180.*Hell, the Sinner's own Place, Acts i. 25.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom,
To his own place consign'd,
What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But sav'd by matchless grace,
Or else the lowest, hottest hell,
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,
And thitherward rush'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo! (what wondrous matchless love!)
I call a place my own
On earth within the gospel found,
And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesu's feet;
And I expect in heaven a place
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace
To all around I'd tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

DLXXXI. (L. M.)

Sheffield 39. Paul's 216.

1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die;
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

DLXXXII. (L. M.) Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Green's Hundred 39. Warham 117.

The Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25.

1 **I**N what confusion earth appears,
God's dearest children bath'd in tears
While they, who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end, how different, who can tell?
The wide extremes of heaven and hell.

3 See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine!
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abram's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

- 5 JESUS, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servants' fare;
May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

DLXXXII. (C. M.) STEELE.

Oxford 106. Follett 181. Evans's 190.

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 COME, LORD, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 LORD, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

DLXXXIV. (C. M.) DR. S. STENNETT.

Cambridge New 74. Hephzibah 77.

The Promised Land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 **O** the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay:
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

DLXXXV.

(50th.)

J. STRAPHAN.

Cherriton 78. Old Fiftieth 233.

Heaven.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise,
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin and death and hell he reigns victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain:
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 Before the throne, a crystal river bright flows,
Immortal verdure decks its verdant sides:
Here the fair tree of life majestic stands,
Its blooming head, and foreign nations bears:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rising sun his needful beams displays,
No sickly moon beholds her feeble rays:
The Godhead here eternal glory shines,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance shines:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires
Jesus, to thee, my longing soul aspires:
When shall I at thy heavenly home arrive,
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin and death and hell he reigns victorious.

DLXXXVI. (C. M.) DR. DOBDRIDGE. H.

Elim 151; Stamford 9. Oxford 106.

Happiness approaching! Rom. xiii. 11.1 **A** WAKE, ye faints, and raise your eyes,

And raise your voices high;

Awake, and praise that sovereign love.

That shews salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,

Each moment brings it near;

Then welcome each declining day!

And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,

Nor many mornings rise,

Ere all its glories stand reveal'd

To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of Nature, spread your course

Ye mortal powers, decay;

Fast as ye bring the night of death,

Ye bring eternal day.

DLXXXVII. (L. M.) STEELE. E

Martin's Lane 67. Coombs's 45. Bromley 104.

The Worship of Heaven, John xvii. 24.1 **O** FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,

To animate our feeble strains,

From the bright realms of celestial day,

The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,

Adoring saints and angels fall;

And with delightful worship bow,

His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,

While tuneful hallelujahs rise,

And love and joy, and triumph spread

Thro' all the assemblies of the skies.

- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

DLXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Elim 15. Cambridge New 74.

The Everlasting Song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear FATHER, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest MAN my Saviour sits
The GOD, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 JESUS, the LORD, their harps employ;
JESUS, my love, they sing
JESUS, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the FATHER'S EQUAL down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the MAN!
(The GOD resides within!)
His flesh all pure without a stain:
His soul without a sin.

8 But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The GOD that lov'd and died.

9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord:
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising LORD.]

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12 There ye that love my SAVIOUR, sit:
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th Verses of this Hymn should be
sung softer than the rest.

4 He [Hark, how] beyond the narrow doorway
 To boundless space they run; [Of time and space they run;]
 Ten thousand [Ten thousand]
 The Godhead of the Son [The Godhead of the Son]

TABLE OF SCRIPTURES.

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
GEN.	1	1	381	Chron.	4	9	10
	3	15	434		29	14	T
	5	24	355	Esther	4	16	O
	14	18, 19	23		13	7	(T)
	18	19	99		3	4	H
	18	23—33	315		2	8	H
	21	56	419	Psalms	2	8	4
	32	26	329		4	4	4
	49	10	399		4	6	6
Exod.	12	7, 13	44		19	1	1
	20	3—12	197		23	3	3
	28	29	245		24	7	7
Numb.	13	30	344		27	27	T
	21	8, 9	285		34	34	T
	23	19	113		35	3	3
	23	23	248		37	4	4
Deut.	1	21	543		39	39	M
	3	26	347		42	7, 8	8
	6	4	318		43	5	5
	6	5	77		45	3—5	5
	8	2	531		46	9	9
	32	49	563		46	10	10
	33	25	567		48	14, 38	5, 5
	34	5	215		51	11	11
Josh.	24	15	508		65	11	11
Ruth	3	4, 9	438		66	16	437, 438
1 Sam.	3	18	50		69	4	4
	7	12	209		72	6	6
	30	6	68		74	20	20
2 Sam.	16	17	34		77	19	19
	23	5	343		84	22	22

TABLE OF SCRIPTURES.

Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
381	Psalm	81	8	382	Prov.	8	17	518
434		81	9	383		10	3	505
355		81	14	384		14	26	227
23		81	15	385		23	17	226
99		81	16	386		28	15	88
315		81	17	387		30	9	262
419		81	18	388		35	25	500
329		81	19	389	Eccles.	1	2	398
399		81	20	390		12	8	398
44		81	21	391	Cantic.	4	3	164
197		81	22	392		4	3	249
245		81	23	393		5	16	161
344		81	24	394	Iaiah	7	18	403
285		81	25	395		8	8	114
113		81	26	396		8	8	408
248		81	27	397		8	8	17
543		81	28	398		8	8	182
347		81	29	399		8	8	290
318		81	30	400		8	8	570
77		81	31	401		8	8	56
531		81	32	402		8	8	266
503		81	33	403		8	8	195
567		81	34	404		8	8	163
215		81	35	405		8	8	418
508		81	36	406		8	8	201
7, 438		81	37	407		8	8	124
50		81	38	408		8	8	517
209		81	39	409		8	8	112
68		81	40	410		8	8	84
34		81	41	411		8	8	803
343		81	42	412		8	8	515
		81	43	413		8	8	244
		81	44	414		8	8	115
		81	45	415		8	8	180
		81	46	416		8	8	
		81	47	417		8	8	
		81	48	418		8	8	
		81	49	419		8	8	
		81	50	420		8	8	
		81	51	421		8	8	
		81	52	422		8	8	
		81	53	423		8	8	
		81	54	424		8	8	
		81	55	425		8	8	
		81	56	426		8	8	
		81	57	427		8	8	
		81	58	428		8	8	
		81	59	429		8	8	
		81	60	430		8	8	
		81	61	431		8	8	
		81	62	432		8	8	
		81	63	433		8	8	
		81	64	434		8	8	
		81	65	435		8	8	
		81	66	436		8	8	
		81	67	437		8	8	
		81	68	438		8	8	
		81	69	439		8	8	
		81	70	440		8	8	
		81	71	441		8	8	
		81	72	442		8	8	
		81	73	443		8	8	
		81	74	444		8	8	
		81	75	445		8	8	
		81	76	446		8	8	
		81	77	447		8	8	
		81	78	448		8	8	
		81	79	449		8	8	
		81	80	450		8	8	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
Isaiah	55	2	116	Zech.	13	12	168
	56	4, 5	558	Mal.	3	18	184
	56	6, 7	406		3	10, 17	423
	57	15	275	Matt.	1	23	174
	61	2	198		3	15	444
	63	3	472	Chron.	5	28	234
	63	7	13		5	44	258
Jer.	3	15	411		5	48	24
	3	22	86		6	6	332
	8	22	188		6	9-13	358
	9	23, 24	238		6	10	370
	17	9	40		6	33	519
	23	6	84		7	12	242
	31	3	110		8	2, 3	102
	50	5	405		8	2	89
Lam.	3	22, 23	547		11	10	170
	3	39	312		11	28	117
Ezek.	36	37	210		12	20	517
	37	3	371		13	3-23	372
Daniel	5	27	49		13	46	187
	9	26	18		15	10	40
Hosea	2	15	165		17	4	135
	6	4	319		18	20	359
	11	4	216		19	14	556
	13	9	379		20	28	133
	14	4	86		21	13	406
Amos	3	1-6	522		24	44	561
Micah	6	6-8	83		25	6	551
	7	13	8		25	34	573
Nah.	1	7	12		25	40	433
Hab.	3	17, 18	286		25	41	572
Hag.	2	7	104		26	41	320
	2	9	85		28	31	142
Zech.	4	7	435		28	3	144
Sam.	9	12	152		28	10	454
	23	5	67		28	10	454

OF SCRIPTURES.

Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
169	Mark	1	9	442	Luke	19	41	207
184	ssa	5	39	562		21	19	203
423	8es	8	34	281	181	22	31, 32	155
174	082	8	35	401	002	22	54	314
444	802	8	38	380	00	23	34	258
234	008	10	24	219	082	23	32	80
258	081	10	14	337	081	23	32	140
24	18	10	21	520	John	24	34	182
332	002	10	47	295		1	9	94, 95
358	Luke	16	16	469		1	12	131
374	008	1	74, 75	532		1	14	150
519	188	2	14	129		1	16	179
242	022	2	25	162		1	29	157
102	242	4	18, 19	134		3	14	171
89	141	5	5	366		3	16	208
170	222	7	42	87		4	10	3
117	822	9	23	281		4	24	364
517	882	9	26	280		5	2	289
372	842	10	29	257		6	20	376
187	042	10	33, 34	82		6	37	158
40	081	10	42	297		6	35, 48	483
135	058	12	16	400		6	53	440
359	171	12	32	240		6	67	120
556	231	12	33	436		7	37	93
133	188	12	35	325		8	36	244
406	012	13	6	511		9	25	165
561	208	14	22	118		10	9	101
551	22	14	22	486		10	10	103
573	222	14	23	119		10	27	484
433	22	15	3	79		11	35	138
572	188	15	32	273		12	32	35
320	14	16	25	582		13	7	166
142	20	18	13	335, 336		13	15	377
144	27	18	35	389		14	6	213
454	18	19	1	78		14	16, 17	
	074		11			Y		
			12					
			13					

A. TABLE

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
John	14	16, 18	206	Rom.	8	33—39	63
	14	19	181		11	1, 26	422
	15	1—5	200		12	1	298
	15	15	66		13	11	586
	17	24	153, 587	1 Cor.	1	30, 31	203
	19	5	136		3	6, 7	360
	19	30	71, 72		5	17, 8	186
	20	13	274		6	17	81
	21	6	366		6	19	299
	21	15	425		9	24	302
	21	16	250		10	13	306
	21	18—20	292		11	28	331
Acts	1	25	580		13	1—3	259
	4	12	196		13	9	245
	5	31	269		15	56	141
	7	59	327		15	57	552
	8	12	452		16	13	228
	8	21—24	268	2 Cor.	1	10	533
	8	39	471		4	6	243
	9	6	294		4	18	546
	10	36	176, 177		5	14, 15	139
	10	38	435		6	2	376
	12	6, 7	307		9	15	171
	16	30	294		12	9	125
	17	50	267		13	5	331
	20	24	326		13	11	516
	20	26, 27	414		13	14	392
	24	24, 25	380	Gal.	3	10	52
	26	22	510, 512		3	28	255
Rom.	1	16	60, 225		4	6	92
	6	4	449		4	19, 20	331
	7	17	39		5	17	41
	7	19	309	Eph.	1	5	65
	7	23	41		1	7, 11	73
	8	11	568		1	11	31
	8	14	207		1	21	479

OF SCRIPTURES.

Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page	Book	Ch.	Ver.	Page
Eph.	2	5, 8, 11, 17	230	Heb.	6	18	230
	2	18	22		6	19, 20	167
	2	13, 19	406		7	1—21	183
	3	8	151		7	25	152
	4	8, 11, 12, 40	7		9	27	565
	4	15, 16	172		10	39	225
	5	15, 16	544		11	13, 16	300
	6	13—17	303		12	7	278
Phil.	1	6	64		13	17	410
	1	23	554		13	20, 21	390
	2	8, 9	148	James	1	27	284
	3	12—14	302		2	18	52
	4	1	416	1 Pet.	1	18, 19	70
	4	4	149		2	6	163
	4	5	261		2	7, 17, 19	192
	4	7	391		3	26, 27	104
	4	8	282	2 Pet.	1	4	128
	4	19, 20	126		1	10	108
Col.	1	19	150		3	18	322
	2	15	148	1 John	1	3	96
	3	1	470		1	6	88
	3	11	204		2	1	156
1 Thes.	4	13	562		3	1, 3, 9	95
1 Tim.	1	11	59		5	2	299
	1	15	55	Jude	20	21	375
	3	8—13	417	Rev.	1	7	576
	3	16	146, 174		2	1	412
	6	12	303		2	10	328
2 Tim.	1	9	108		5	9—14	387
	1	12	64		5	12	479
	2	13	64		6	14—17	576
	3	12	17		19	10	205
Heb.	1	14	307		20	12	571
	4	2	53		22	16	110
	4	9	352		22	17	121
	4	16	357		22	17, 20	574

C O N T E N T S.

	Hymn and page
A	
AARON, his Breast-plate	154
Melchisedec and Christ	183, 190, 191
Abraham's, God	66
Intercession for Sodom	520
Acceptance, thro' Christ alone	377
Access to God by Christ	83
Activity in Religion	325, 293
Adam the first and second	38
Admiration and Joy	477
Adoption	91—93
Advocate, Christ an	156, 157
Affliction, pleading with God under it	312
Presence of God desired in it	537
See Illness	538, 539
Agur's Wish	262
All in All, Christ the Christian's,	204, 205
Angel of the Covenant	18
Angels, ministering to Christ	140
Ministering to Christians	301
Their Reply to the Women that sought Christ	14
Their Song at the Birth of Christ	129, 130
The Fallen, passed by	13
Apostasy deprecated	439, 44
Ark, Noah preserved in it	10
Armour, the spiritual	30
Ascension of Christ	142, 14
Associations, of Ministers and Churches	423—43
Spiritual Registered in Heaven	42
Ministers abounding in the Work, &c.	42
Lovest thou me? feed my Sheep	42
Prayer for Ministers	42
A Revival desired	42
Spread of the Gospel longed for	428, 21
Praise for the Increase of the Church	429, 43
Spiritual Temple completed	43
Attainment of Christ	74
Gratitude for it	75
Pleaded	75
Awakened Sinner's Prayer	29

CONTENTS

		Hymn and page
	B	
Backsliders invited to return	—	188
Backslidings, and Returns	—	189
Dreaded	—	190
Baptism	—	441
Barren Fig tree	—	191
Bartimeus's Prayer	—	192
Benevolence a Duty and Pleasure	—	193
Birth of Christ	—	194
Birk-day Hymn	—	195
Bodies of the Saints, the Care of God	—	196
Temples of the Holy Ghost	—	197
Boldness, holy	—	198
Book of Life	—	199
Brazen Serpent	—	200
Bread of Life	—	201
Brethren, Love to them	—	202
Bridegroom, Christ the heavenly	—	203
Brother, Christ a	—	204
	C	
Calling, effectual 77, 73, and Glorification	—	205
Canaan, the heavenly, 2d part of Hymn	—	206
The Happiness of it longed for	—	207
Way to it. See Heaven	—	208
Ceremonial Law	—	209
Charity	—	210
Children, every Day given to the Lord	—	211
Christ's Regard to them	—	212
Chusa, Aaron the true	—	213
Adam the second	—	214
Advocate	—	215
Angel of the Covenant	—	216
Brazen Serpent	—	217
Bread of Life	—	218
Bridegroom	—	219
Brother	—	220
Chief among Ten Thousand	—	221
Consolation of Israel	—	222
Corner Stone	—	223
Desire of all Nations	—	224
	Y 3	

CONTENTS.

	Hymn and page
Christ, Door	165
Example	166
Forerunner	167
Foundation	163, 167
Fountain opened	168, 169
Friend	170, 385
Gift of God	171
Guide	567
Head of the Church	172
Husband	159
Jesus	173, 475
Immanuel	174
King of Saints	175, 177
Kinsman	178
Lamb of God 179. Worthy is the Lamb	387
Leader	180
Life of the Soul	181
Light	182
Lord of All	176, 177
Malchisedec	183, 386
Messenger of the Covenant	184
Messiah	185
Morning Star	160
Passover	186
Pearl of great Price	187
Physician, of the Soul 188. Of the Soul and Body	189
Priest, the great high	190, 191
Prince and Saviour	269
Prophet, Priest and King	192
Ransom	193
Refuge	305
Righteousness, our	194
Rock smitten	195
Saviour, the only 196, 269. able and willing	195
Shepherd	197
Strong Hold	198
Sun	199
Vine	200
Way, 196. Way to Canaan	201
Way, Truth, and Life	202
Wisdom, Righteousness, and Sanctification, &c.	203
The Burden of the Song	386, 387
ALL IN ALL	204, 205

CONTENTS.

page		Hymn and page
165	<i>Christians</i> awakened —————	294
166	Crying for Mercy —————	295
167	Longing for an Interest in Christ —————	296
167	Choosing the good Part —————	297
169	Devoting himself to God —————	298
385	His Body the Temple of the Spirit —————	299
171	A Pilgrim 300. His Song —————	300
567	Running the Race —————	301
172	Fighting the good Fight —————	302
159	On his spiritual Voyage —————	303
475	Tempted 305. His Temptations moderated —————	304
174	Ministered to by Angels —————	305
177	Walking in Darkneſs and truſting —————	306
178	Complaining of Sin and Inconſtancy —————	307
387	Lamenting Pride —————	308
180	Pleading with God under Affliction —————	309
181	Backſliding and returning —————	310
182	Falling and Recovered —————	311
177	Wishing to be as in months paſt —————	312
386	Troubled, but making God his Refuge —————	313
184	Perſecuted —————	314
185	Caſt down, but hoping in God —————	315
160	His Requeſt —————	316
186	Watching and praying —————	317
187	His Prayer answered by Croſſes —————	318
189	Growing in Grace —————	319
191	Riſing to God —————	320
269	Remembering all the Way, &c. —————	321
192	Waiting for the Coming of his Lord —————	322
193	Deſirous of finiſhing his Courſe with Joy —————	323
395	Committing his departing Spirit to Jeſus —————	324
194	Crowned —————	325
195	Church, deſcribed, 403. formed —————	326
195	Preſence of Chriſt the Joy of it —————	327
197	Way to it enquired —————	328
198	Begging a Paſtor of the Lord —————	329
199	Praying for their Miniſter —————	330
200	Praying for their Paſtor when ill &c. —————	331
201	Choosing Deacons —————	332
202	Chriſt's Care of Churches and Miniſters —————	333
203	Young —————	334
207	Weak —————	335
205	Glory of Glory promiſed —————	336

CONTENTS.

	Hymn and page
Church, Glory of it predicted	419
prayed for	421
Church Meetings	441
See Ministers, also Affiliations	
Come and welcome to Jesus Christ	415
Collections for poor Churches and Ministers	436
Communion, with God	46
With Christ	487
With Saints	254
Compassion of Christ	367
Complaint, of Inability to do good	309
Of Inconstancy	311
Of Hardness of Heart	270
Of Stupidity in Hearing and Prayer	275
Of Unfruitfulness	271
Under great Pain	288
Condescending Grace of Christ	183
Condescension of God	14
Confidence in God	286
Conflict	109
Consolation of Israel	162
Contentment	279
Contrition of Heart	275
Conversion, a Work of efficacious Grace	277
Of a Sinner; or, Joy in Heaven	418
Of the Thief	280
Praise to God for it	282
Conviction, spiritual	264
Corner Stone, Christ the	163
Coronation of Christ	177
Counsel of God's Will	31
Covenant of Grace	66, 223
Supporting under Trouble	60
Creation, a summary view of	27
Of Man	28
Creating Wisdom, Song to it	29
And Providence	27
Cross of Christ	131
Attractions of it	28
Triumphs of it	281
Cross, the Christian's, taken up	321
Crosses, Prayer answered by them	176, 177
Crown him	328
Crown of Glory promised	

CONTENTS.

Hymns	—	9
Darkness , walking in it	308.	Hope in it
Spirit of God address'd in it	—	—
Day , one well spent	—	—
Deacons , at a Choice of	—	—
Death , and Eternity	—	—
Preparation for it desired	—	—
Of the Sinner and Saint	—	—
Of Moses	—	—
A Sleep to good Men	—	—
Victory over it through Christ	—	—
The welcome Messenger	—	—
And Judgment . See Funeral	—	565
Decrees of God	—	9
Delight , in God	248.	Worship
Deliverance , national, celebrated	—	—
Desire of all Nations , Christ the	—	—
Despair , sinful go. — prevented	—	—
Difficulties surmounted	—	—
Diligence and holy Zeal	—	—
Dismissal , Hymns at	—	—
Dominion of God	—	—
Doubts and Fears suppressed	—	—
Door , Christ the	—	—
Doxologies	—	—
Drawings of the Spirit of God	—	—
Drought , threatening	—	—
Duties and Privileges	—	—
Difficulties thereof surmounted	—	—
Due , to God	—	—
To our Neighbour	—	—
Early Piety	—	—
Earthly Things ; their Vanity	—	—
Ebenezer	—	—
Education of Youth	—	—
Election , 62. Consequences of it	—	—
Godly Consideration of it comfortable	—	—
Encouragement , and Invitation	—	—
To such as seek a risen Jesus	—	—
To young Persons to seek Christ	—	—
To the weak in Faith	—	—

CONTENTS.

	Hymn and page
<i>Encouragement, to trust and love God</i>	285
<i>To Prayer</i>	353
<i>Enemies, Love to them</i>	258
<i>Eternity, of God</i>	54
<i>Joyful and tremendous</i>	543
<i>Time and Eternity</i> 546.— <i>Death and Eternity</i>	550
<i>Prayer in Prospect of it</i>	549
<i>Evening Hymns</i>	495—497, 226
<i>Everlasting Love. See Election.</i>	1062
<i>Example of Christ.</i>	166, 258, 435
<i>Exaltation of Christ</i>	147, 148, 269
<i>Excellencies of Christ</i>	161
F	
<i>Faith, its Author and Preciousness</i>	217
<i>Nature and Effects</i>	222
<i>Power of</i> 218.— <i>Weakness of it</i>	224
<i>Struggling with Unbelief</i>	219
<i>Fainting</i> 220.— <i>Reviving</i>	221
<i>Conquering</i> 222.— <i>Connected with Salvation</i>	225
<i>Faithfulness of God</i>	19, 306
<i>Fall of Man, lamented</i>	42
<i>And Recovery</i> See	122
<i>Family Worship</i>	333—337
<i>Fest Day Hymns</i>	525—528, 530
<i>Fatherless and Widows helped of God</i>	246
<i>Fear of God, exercised all the Day</i>	226
<i>The Happiness attending it</i>	285
<i>Fears and Doubts removed</i>	286, 286
<i>Fear not</i>	288
<i>I will trust, and not be afraid</i>	290
<i>Fest, the Gospel</i>	56, 473, 486
<i>Room at it</i>	118, 486
<i>Felix trembling</i>	380
<i>Fellowship of the Saints</i>	254
<i>Fervency of Devotion desired</i>	211
<i>Following Christ</i>	297, 445, 445
<i>Fool, the rich, surprised</i>	400
<i>Forerunner, Christ a</i>	167
<i>Forgiveness. See Pardon</i>	87
<i>God ready to forgive</i>	90
<i>Forms vain without Religion</i>	345
<i>Fortitude, holy</i>	228
<i>Foundation, Christ the</i>	163, 167

CONTENTS

	Hymn and page
Fountain opened	168. 169
Friend, Christ a	170. 185
Friends meeting and parting	514—516
Fulness of Christ	150
Funeral, See Death	
Of an Infant	156
Of a young Person	157
Of Children	158
Of a Believer	156
Of a Minister	156
Futurity committed to the Lord	159
G	
General Meetings—See <i>Associations</i>	
Gift of God, Christ the	171
Glorifying in the Lord alone	18
God—a Father	18
A Refuge	316
is Love	18
A Portion	18
The Searcher of the Heart	28
Reasoning with Men	14
Our God	124
for ever and ever	385
Exalted above all Praise	26
Good Samaritan, Parable of the	15
Goodness of God, 12, 13, 14 and Justice	18
In giving his Son	12
Gospel, 54. — Rationally defended	61
Glorious 59. — Freedom of	302
Worthy of all Acceptation	55
The Power of God to Salvation	60
Represented by, a Feast	420, 362, 356, 473
The Jubilee	57, 58
Net, casting it	366
Spread of it desired	370, 374, 428
Grace, electing, adopting, sovereign	14, 65
Efficacious 77. — distinguishing	110
Sufficient 125. desired	382
Growing in it 322. desired	390
Salvation by Grace	111
Gratitude to the Spring of true Religion	216
Grave	550, 567
Gravity and Decency	220
Growth in Grace 322. desired	390
Guide, Christ a	567
Imperfect as	Y-9

CONTENTS.

Hymn and page to trust in God ——— 1 Habitation, going to a new one ——— 233 Happiness in God ——— 238 Attending divine Wisdom ——— 201 Of those who fear God 227. and trust in him 285 Of the Poor in Spirit ——— 234 Of humble Worshipers ——— 243 Of spiritual Pilgrims ——— 246 Of being with Christ ——— 244 Harmony of the divine Perfections ——— 241 Harvest and Summer ——— 304, 305 Head of the Church, Christ the ——— 172 Heart, evil 40. Contrite desired ——— 75 Hard lamented 250. New desired ——— 252 Heaven, anticipated, 2d Part of Hymn ——— 266 Promised Land 584. — A Kingdom ——— 587 Happiness and Joys of it ——— 588 To be possessed by the faithful 589 Worship of it 587. The everlasting Song 588 Hell, the Sinner's own Place ——— 280 Everlasting Misery of it ——— 282 Praise for being out of it ——— 286 And Heaven ——— 282 Help prayed for 379. Obtained 380 Holiness, desired 390. ed. Part of Hymn ——— 392 Of God ——— 397 Hope, in Darkness 231. Set before us ——— 230 Encouraged by the Perfections of God ——— 233 Hoping and longing for Glory ——— 233 Humble, their Joy encouraged ——— 236 Humiliation of Christ ——— 238 Humility of Mind 234. prayed for ——— 237 The humble Publican ——— 236 Humble Pleadings for Mercy ——— 235 Husband, Christ the spiritual ——— 235 Hypocrisy dreaded. ——— 235 The rich, surprised ——— 235 Imagined, Christ a ——— 235 Imagined, See Pardon ——— 235 Ignorance, spiritual, lamented ——— 235 Imagined, Christ the ——— 235 Immanuel ——— 235 Immutability of God ——— 235	Hymn and page to trust in God ——— 1 Habitation, going to a new one ——— 233 Happiness in God ——— 238 Attending divine Wisdom ——— 201 Of those who fear God 227. and trust in him 285 Of the Poor in Spirit ——— 234 Of humble Worshipers ——— 243 Of spiritual Pilgrims ——— 246 Of being with Christ ——— 244 Harmony of the divine Perfections ——— 241 Harvest and Summer ——— 304, 305 Head of the Church, Christ the ——— 172 Heart, evil 40. Contrite desired ——— 75 Hard lamented 250. New desired ——— 252 Heaven, anticipated, 2d Part of Hymn ——— 266 Promised Land 584. — A Kingdom ——— 587 Happiness and Joys of it ——— 588 To be possessed by the faithful 589 Worship of it 587. The everlasting Song 588 Hell, the Sinner's own Place ——— 280 Everlasting Misery of it ——— 282 Praise for being out of it ——— 286 And Heaven ——— 282 Help prayed for 379. Obtained 380 Holiness, desired 390. ed. Part of Hymn ——— 392 Of God ——— 397 Hope, in Darkness 231. Set before us ——— 230 Encouraged by the Perfections of God ——— 233 Hoping and longing for Glory ——— 233 Humble, their Joy encouraged ——— 236 Humiliation of Christ ——— 238 Humility of Mind 234. prayed for ——— 237 The humble Publican ——— 236 Humble Pleadings for Mercy ——— 235 Husband, Christ the spiritual ——— 235 Hypocrisy dreaded. ——— 235 The rich, surprised ——— 235 Imagined, Christ a ——— 235 Imagined, See Pardon ——— 235 Ignorance, spiritual, lamented ——— 235 Imagined, Christ the ——— 235 Immanuel ——— 235 Immutability of God ——— 235
---	---

CONTENTS.

	Hymn and page
Inability to do Good complained of	309
Incorruption of Christ	129—132
Incomprehensibility of God	23
Inconstancy lamented	310
Indwelling Sin	391
Infants, See Children	336
Dying in the Arms of Jesus	556
Infinity of God	26
Influences of the Spirit	1206—216
Compared to living Water	208
to Rain 209 to the Wind	212
Desired 210—212. experienced	213
Ingratitude to Christ detested	252
Interpretation of the Scriptures	431
Intercession of Christ, 152. prevalent	153
For Peter	155
Typified by Aaron's Breast-plate	154
Interest in Christ desired	296
Invitations, of Scripture	112—121
To the Gospel Feast	473
Isabel's Prayer	138
Jesus	173
Jews prayed for	222
of the Humble	266
And rejoicing 238—241. The return of it	242
Justice	185
Judgment Day	570—579
The coming of the Judge 571—578. Desired	574
Books opened	571
Sentence on the Wicked 572. on the Righteous	573
A Place at the right Hand desired	579
Justice and Goodness of God	118
Justice and Equity to our Neighbour	242
Justification	84
K	
King of Saints 175, 177. Crown him	176
King and royal Family prayed for	536
Kingdom of Christ, 149. Encreasing	430
Of God to be first sought	519
Of Glory. See Heaven	334
Kindman, Christ the near	178
Knowledge, spiritual	243—245
Desired of God its Author	243
Imperfect at present	245

CONTENTS

	Hymn and page
Knowledge, One Thing I know	244
And Happiness	29A
Prayer	—
Lamb of God 179. Worthy is the Lamb	387
Later-day glory longed for	421
Love, moral 47, 48. Honoured by Christ	50, 356
Sinners found wanting by it	49
Practical Use of it	50
Ceremonial	53
And Gospel	52
Later, Christ the 180. And Guide	567
Legal Obedience (so called) followed by Evangelical	51
Leprosy crying 179, 289. Healed	102
Liberalism. See Charity	246
Liberty, spiritual	93
Life, abundant by Christ	101
Of the Soul, Christ the	181
Light, Christ the true and great	181
Long Suffering of God	16
Lord of all, Christ the	176, 177
Lord's Day, See Resurrection of Christ	—
Morning 346—349. Evening	350—352
Love's Prayer	358
Love's Supper	472—490
Lost Sheep found, Parable of the	79
Love's Kindness of God	13
Love of God, electing, everlasting	62
Eternal and unchangeable	64
Redeeming Love	69
Love of Christ, constraining	139, 446
On a Cross and a Throne	486
Weeping and dying	484
Love, to God	247
To Christ present or absent	249
Lovest thou me?	250, 425
Desiring to love Christ	250, 251
Profession of Love to the Redeemer	252
Supreme Love	253
To the Brethren 254. unfeigned	256
To all Saints	255
To our Neighbour	257
To our Enemies	258
All Attainments vain without Love	259

CONTENTS.

Hymn and page

M

<i>Majesty of God</i>	17
<i>Manna</i>	158, 180
<i>Mariner, the spiritual</i> 304. <i>Mariner's Psalm</i>	36
<i>Meditation</i> 329. <i>On the Cross of Christ</i>	478
<i>Meek beautified with Salvation</i>	260
<i>Meeting and Parting of Friends</i>	514—516
<i>Melchizedeck a Type of Christ</i>	183
<i>Mercies in constant Succession</i>	547
<i>Mercy of God</i>	18
<i>Pleaded for</i> 235, 332. <i>Implored</i>	295
<i>And Truth met together</i>	240
<i>Message of the Redeemer</i>	134
<i>Messenger of the Covenant</i>	184
<i>Messiah</i>	185
<i>Midnight Cry</i>	551
<i>Ministers, Nothing without Christ</i>	360
<i>Abounding in the Work of the Lord</i>	424
<i>Watching for Souls</i>	410
<i>Leaving a People</i>	414
<i>Illness of one</i>	413
<i>Meeting of. See Associations.</i>	
<i>Christ's Care of them</i>	412
<i>Prayer for them</i>	416, 426
<i>Collection for poor Ministers</i>	432—436
<i>Ministry, Gospel instituted by Christ</i>	407
<i>One called to the Work of the Ministry</i>	408
<i>Ministry of Angels. See Angels</i>	
<i>Miracles of Christ applied</i>	189
<i>Missionaries prayed for</i>	420
<i>Moderation</i>	261, 262
<i>Mortality of Man. See Death</i>	
<i>Moral Obedience exchanged for Evangelical</i>	51
<i>Morning Hymns</i>	491—494, 228
<i>Mutability of the Creation</i>	5
<i>Morning Star, Christ the spiritual</i>	160

N

<i>National Prayer and Praise</i>	325—336
<i>Nativity of Christ</i>	129—132
<i>Noah preserved in the Ark</i>	104
<i>Neighbour's duty to our</i> 48. <i>Love to him</i>	257
<i>New Year's Day</i>	308—311
<i>Noah's Ark</i>	104

	Hymn and page
Not unto us	384
Now and for ever, the fifth, &c.	533—535
Now is the accepted time	505, 370, 115
O	
Obedience evangelical	151
Omnipotence of God	8
Omnipresence and Omniscience of God	8
Old Age 524. And Weakness to be commiserated	246
One Thing needful	297, 204
Ordination Hymns	410—413, 338, 407
Original Sin	338
Orphans and Widows pitied	246
P	
Pardon 83—90. Of all Sin	87
Spoken by Christ	87
Confession and Pardon	88
And Sanctification	100
God ready to forgive	90
Pardoning, God 85. Love	86
Parting of Christian Friends	515, 510, 254
Passover, Christ our	186
Pastor, one sought of God	409
His Prayer for his People	416
People's Prayer for him	415
Patience of God admired	16
Christian Patience desired	263, 264
Peace, promised and prayed for	266, 391
God speaking it to the Soul	263
Peace of the Nation, prayed for 530. Praise for it	531
Pearl of great price, Christ the	187
Penitence and Hope. See Repentance	272
Penitent, the, 271. his Sighs	270
Perfections of God 1—26. In harmony 21. celebrated	25
Moral Perfections of God imitated	24
Persecution to be expected by good Men	317
Persistence in Grace	103, 106, 223
Desired	101, 501
Peter, admonished by Christ	155
His Fall and Recovery	313, 314
And John following Christ	292
Physician of the Soul 188, of Soul and Body	189

CONTENTS

Hymn and page	Hymn and page
<i>Pilgrim, the spiritual</i> 300. <i>His Song</i>	189
<i>Power of Fire</i> 44. and <i>Cloud</i>	180, 418
<i>Pleasures, of Religion</i> 291. <i>Unseen longed for</i>	546
<i>Pool of Bethesda</i>	364
<i>Poor in Spirit blessed</i>	234
<i>Portion, God's</i>	276
<i>Poverty, spiritual</i>	234
<i>Power and Providence of God</i>	276
<i>Praise, to God from the whole Creation</i>	276
<i>For the Blessings of Providence and Grace</i>	276
<i>For the fountain opened</i>	276
<i>For Salvation</i>	276
<i>To the Redeemer</i>	276
<i>To Father, Son, and Spirit</i>	276
<i>God exalted above all praise</i>	276
<i>Prayer, of David</i> 332. <i>The Lord's Prayer</i>	276
<i>Answered</i> 316. <i>by Crosses</i>	276
<i>Importunity in it</i>	276
<i>Imperfect but accepted</i>	276
<i>Benefit of it, and Exhortation to it</i>	276
<i>Hymns before Prayer</i>	276
<i>Preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper</i>	276
<i>Presence, of God, worth dying for</i>	276
<i>Of Christ the Joy of his People</i>	276
<i>Promised</i> 350. <i>longed for</i>	276
<i>Rebuke lamented</i>	276
<i>Reconciliation and Saviour</i>	276
<i>Reverence of Christ</i> 190. <i>His Excellency</i>	276
<i>Reveries of the Sons of God</i>	276
<i>Reverent Son, Parable of the</i>	276
<i>Promises, the first Promise</i>	276
<i>Of Strength according to our Days</i>	276
<i>Of the divine Presence</i>	276
<i>Of Merciful Grace</i>	276
<i>Of a Supply of all our Needs</i>	276
<i>Of the Kingdom</i>	276
<i>Exceeding great and precious</i>	276
<i>Prophecy, Christ the Substance of it</i>	276
<i>Unfulfilled</i>	276
<i>Prophet, Priest and King, Christ the</i>	276
<i>Prosperity of Soul desired</i>	276
<i>Providence</i> 31. and <i>Power of God</i>	276
<i>Equitable and kind</i> 33. <i>mysterious</i>	276
<i>To be explained hereafter</i>	276

CONTENTS.

<i>Providence, Bereaving submitted to</i>	Hymn and page	563
<i>Praise for the Blessings of it</i>		563
<i>Publican, the humble</i>		236
R		
<i>Race, the Christian</i>		302
<i>Rain, threatening</i>		502
<i>Ransom, Christ our</i>		99, 193
<i>Reading the Scriptures</i>		330
<i>Reason, an insufficient Guide</i>		46
<i>Recollection, grateful</i>		344, 579
<i>Redeeming Love</i>		69, 149
<i>Redemption, by Christ alone</i>		70
<i>Finished 71, 72. Wonders of it</i>		485
<i>Gratitude to God for it</i>		73
<i>Refuge, God a, 316. Christ a</i>		52, 109, 305
<i>Regeneration, see Conversion</i>		
<i>Rejoicing, in God 238. in Hope</i>		240
<i>In the Ways of God</i>		219
<i>And going on our Way</i>		240
<i>Religion, Gratitude the Spring of it</i>		246
<i>Internal, desired</i>		284
<i>Personal</i>		329, 331
<i>Family</i>		333
<i>Public</i>		337
<i>Vain without Love</i>		259
<i>Remembering, all the Way, &c.</i>		244
<i>Repentance, commanded by God</i>		267
<i>Given by Christ</i>		269
<i>And Hope</i>		272
<i>Prayed for, See Penitence and Penance</i>		268
<i>Why weepst thou</i>		274
<i>Request, the</i>		279
<i>Resignation See Submission</i>		276
<i>Resolution, to serve the Lord</i>		334
<i>The successful one</i>		355
<i>Resurrection, of the Body</i>		568, 569
<i>Of Christ 140-143, 474. A Pledge of ours</i>		143
<i>Comfortable to such who seek Christ</i>		144
<i>And Ascension of Christ</i>		145
<i>Retirement</i>		329
<i>Revival prayed for</i>		427
<i>Rich Fool surprised</i>		400

To be explained hereafter, shall not be omitted.

CONTENTS

	Hymn and page
<i>Riches</i> their Emptiness	398
<i>Riches</i> of Christ unsearchable	452
<i>Righteous.</i> See <i>Christian</i>	
<i>Righteousness</i> , imputed	84
Human, insufficient to justify	83, 502
Christ our Righteousness	1942
<i>Rock</i> smitten, Christ the	1952
<i>Rising</i> to God	323
<i>Sabbath.</i> See <i>Lord's Day</i>	47, 348, 352
<i>Safety</i> of Christ's Sheep	113
<i>Saint</i> indeed	111
<i>Salvation</i> , approaching	224, 586
Of Sinners	107-113
The method of it, 107. complete	1092
Free 108. by Grace	110, 111
An Interest in it desired	103
What must I do to be saved?	2992
God glorious, and Sinners saved	102
Praise for it	383
<i>Samaritan</i> , the good	297
<i>Sanctification</i> , and Pardon	100
And Growth desired	102, 390
<i>Satan</i> repulsed	287
<i>Saviour</i> , Christ the only	196, 269. Able and willing
<i>Scriptures</i> , their Inspiration	43
Their Usefulness	44. Their Riches
Their Sufficiency and Excellency	45
Reading them	46
<i>Seasons</i> , the crowned with Goodness	330
<i>Secret Prayer</i>	352
<i>Self-Dedication</i>	298, 490
<i>Self-Denial</i>	286, 291
<i>Self-Examination</i>	331. Lord, Search me
<i>Self-Existence</i> , and Self-Sufficiency of God	20, 23
<i>Self-Righteousness</i> lamented	51
<i>Seriousness</i> prayed for	349
<i>Sermon</i> , Hymns before it	359, 371
Hymns after it	352, 392
<i>Shame</i> , on Account of Christ, abhorred	451
<i>Sheep</i> of Christ secure	103
<i>Shepherd</i> , Christ a	101, 197
<i>Sickness</i> , Presence of God desired in it	537
Submission under it	540

CONTENTS.

	Hymn and page
<i>Sickness, Complaint and Hope in it</i>	538
General	549
And Recovery	541, 542
<i>Sinner and Calvary</i>	52
<i>Sincerity and Truth</i> 282. desired	283
<i>Sin, original</i> 38. Indwelling	39
And Grace	41
And Sorrow laid before God.	99
<i>Sinner, impenitent, found wanting.</i>	49
Reasoned with 581. convinced	50
Repenting, accepted	273
And Saints in the Wreck of Nature	570
Death of the Sinner	559
<i>Son, its Stability and Glory</i>	493
Taking the Way to it	495
Glorious Things spoken of it. See Church	418
<i>Songs, to creating Wisdom</i>	29
Of the Angels' at Christ's Birth	129, 130
Of the spiritual Pilgrim	301
Of Praise to the Redeemer	347, 488, 489
<i>Sons of God, their Privileges</i>	94, 95
<i>Sorrow, godly. See Repentance</i>	
For Sin, desired	274
Laid before God	99
<i>Soul, Worth of it</i>	401
<i>Sovereignty of God</i>	19
<i>Stair, Parable of</i>	372, 373
<i>Spirit of God. See Influences</i>	206—216
The Comforter	206
Leads the People of God	207
Addressed under Darkneſs	214
Grieved but intreated not to depart	215
His Drawings celebrated	216
<i>Spiritual Mindedneſs</i>	284
<i>Spirituality of God</i>	3
<i>Spring</i>	498, 500
<i>Strait Gate</i>	165
<i>Strength as our Days are</i>	123, 125
<i>Strong hold, Christ the Spiritual</i>	198
<i>Submission, to the Will of God</i>	276, 277, 264
To bereaving Providences 563. filial	278
It is the Lord, let him, &c.	279

CONTENTS.

	Hymn and page
Suffering Christians dear to Christ	280
Sufferings of Christ. See Lord's Supper	136
Summer and Harvest	504, 505
Sun, Christ the	199
Sunday Schools	522, 523
Supplication	295
T	
Temple, the Bodies of the Saints a	299
The Spiritual completed	431
Temptation, 305, 324. Moderated	306
Tempted Saints, Christ Intercession for them	165
Thanksgiving Days	529—536
Thief on the Cross,	80
Thirsty Souls invited to Christ	120
Thunder, the God of	503
Time, well spent 226. Short	543
Now is the accepted Time	376, 505
Every Part of it in God's Hands	545
And Eternity	546
To-Day, the Voice of Wisdom	505
To-Morrow, the Language of Folly	505
Transfiguration of Christ	135
Traveller's Psalm	36
Trinity, the Doctrine of the, (See Doxologies)	22
Triumphs of Christ 148. Of the Cross	481
Trouble, pleading with God in it	312
Troubled but making God our Refuge	316
Trust, in God under Trials	286, 287
Humble, or Despair prevented	287
Encouragement to it	288
I will trust and not be afraid	290
Truth, and Faithfulness of God	19
And Mercy met together	21
And Sincerity	282
Types, Christ the Substance of them	53, 205, 202
U	
Unbelief lamented 241. Surmounted	290
Union to Christ	81
Unity of God	2
Vanity of Earthly Things	398, 401
Vine, Christ the spiritual	200

CONTENTS.

C.M.	8	8	8	8	Old Hundred, &c:	Hymn 7
C.M.	8	8	8	6		

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